A
000 026 388
9
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

fornia
nal
y

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

THE THREE-ACT
FARCICAL COMEDY

TOO MUCH JOHNSON

BY

WILLIAM GILLETTE

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WILLIAM GILLETTE

CAUTION. — All persons are hereby warned that "Too Much Johnson," being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States, is subject to royalty, and anyone presenting the play without the consent of the author or his authorized agent, will be liable to the penalties by law provided. We will be pleased to quote royalty for amateur production on application.

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

THIS IS WHO IT IS—

MR. AUGUSTUS BILLINGS
MRS. AUGUSTUS BILLINGS
MRS. UPTON BATTERSON
MR. FRANCIS FADDISH
LEONORA FADDISH
HENRY MACKINTOSH
JOSEPH JOHNSON, Esq.
MONS. LEON DATHIS
FREDERICK
PURSER
STEWARD'S BOY
SELLERY LOOTON
MESSENGER

* * * *

THIS IS WHERE IT IS=

ACT I—Cabin of Steamer "Tropic Queen" leaving New York for Havana

ACT II—Room in Johnson's House near Santiago De Cuba

ACT III—Next Morning in the same place

* * * *

THIS IS HOW IT IS—

ACT I—JOHNSON I

ACT II—JOHNSON I I

ACT III—JOHNSON I I I

Stack
Annex
5
050
569

TOO MUCH JOHNSON

ACT I

SCENE.—*Saloon of steamer—staircase in* 3 *a little* R. *of* C. *and obliqued considerably down stage from* L. *to* R. *entrances at top of staircase from* R. *and* L. *Passageway off right of staircase. Passageway off left of staircase—passageway* L. 1 E. *three state-rooms from passageway* L. 1 E. *to passageway up stage* L. *The two lower state-rooms only used—viz.:* 70 and 72—*the latter being down stage.*

PROPERTIES.—2 *small round tables—swivel steamship chair either side of each table—One table over near* R. 1 E.—*other table over near* L. 1 E. *Several newspapers and books on each table. Cabinet between stairway and passageway* R. *with empty medicine bottles, etc.*

BEFORE RISE OF CURTAIN.—*After about six bars of the introductory music, begin noise of ship leaving port, viz.: shouting of orders, wheeling about of baggage trucks—banging of trunks—drawing of chain through pulley-block—and at the same time steam whistle blowing loudly every now and again.*
Continue noise, after curtain has risen, until dialogue begins.

MUSIC.—*Kept up ff. until dialogue begins—then drop to pp. until* FADDISH'S EXIT.

2036407

AT RISE.—STEWARD'S BOY *enters from passageway up* L. *with steamer trunk on his shoulder. He crosses to the stateroom* R. 1 E., *leaves the trunk in there, comes out again and exits up staircase.* FADDISH *now enters from* L. *down stairway, and as he comes on stage looks about in all directions anxiously for someone. When* FADDISH *is well down* L., DATHIS *enters from* R. *alone from stairway—looks about a minute as he comes downstairs sees* FADDISH *and goes down to intercept him. They meet* C. FADDISH *tries to pass* DATHIS. DATHIS *prevents him.*

FADDISH. Excuse me—I—ha, ha!—I'm looking for someone. (*trying to pass* DATHIS)

DATHIS. (*stopping him*) I am also looking for someone.

FADDISH. Yes, yes (*trying to pass him*)

DATHIS. (*stopping him and pulling out of his pocket the top half of photo of a man's face, showing only the top of the head*) Wait, if you please. You will kindly tell me your name.

FADDISH. Faddish, sir.

DATHIS. Fad-deesh. (*looks at* FADDISH *sharply*)

FADDISH. Yes, yes. (*trying to go*)

DATHIS. One moment—Mr. Fad-deesh! (*glares at* FADDISH *as if he has doubts. Then suddenly looks at photo comparing it with* FADDISH—*looks at head then photo then head—then front*) (*takes off* FADDISH'S *hat and again compares him with photo.* FADDISH *stands thunderstruck*) It is not heem! (*puts* FADDISH'S *hat back on his head again and moves rapidly away to staircase*) But he shall not escape me! (*stops at foot of stairs—then goes toward passageway* R.) I will search from one end to the other. (*Exits hurriedly off passageway* R.)

FADDISH. (FADDISH *watches* DATHIS *off in as-*

tonishment, leaving hat on his head just as placed there by DATHIS, *without readjusting it*) He must be a detective. I'm glad I wasn't the man he wanted! (*Noise outside of trunks banging and rattle of trucks and chain.*) (FADDISH *starts and looks about*) Where can Leonora be—and that young Mackintosh? I shall complain to my sister about that boy! He's made me more trouble—but when the ship starts I shall be rid of him—Dear me, I must—perhaps they're—yes—I'll look on this side.

(*Exits through passageway at* L. 1 E.)
(*Music stops.*)

(LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *enter* L. *from stairway.* LEONORA *comes down first and stands at foot of stairs on* L. MACKINTOSH *follows down and stands at foot of stairs on* R. *They both stand staring motionless, looking in different directions in absent-minded way.*)

LEONORA. (*pause—after holding picture a moment*) Oh, Harry.

MACKINTOSH. (*pause*) Yes.

(*Noise of trucks, etc., outside*)

LEONORA. (*starting and looking at* MACKINTOSH—*turning to him*) Don't you think they're going?

MACKINTOSH. I don't know. (*he does not look around*)

LEONORA. Oh it's cruel! cruel! (*hand on his shoulder. Steam whistle blows outside. She starts and looks up at him*) There. Did you hear that?

MACKINTOSH. No! What was it?

LEONORA. It was the whistle. Why, you must have heard it, Harry.

MACKINTOSH. (*looking front, shaking head in absent, stunned sort of way*) No, How can I—hear —or think of such things—when you are—leaving me forever.

(*Steam whistle blows again.*)

LEONORA. Oh! (*buries her face on* MACKINTOSH'S *bosom, then looks up at him again*) Aren't *you* afraid you'll be left?

MACKINTOSH. They'll ring a bell.

LEONORA. (*quickly, but rather imploringly*) But it did ring, Harry.

MACKINTOSH. I didn't hear it.

LEONORA. Oh yes! It rang terribly loud. And the man went by and called out something about getting ashore quite a while ago.

(MACKINTOSH *moves as if to go.*)

MACKINTOSH. Getting ashore. Then I must——

LEONORA. (*stopping him*) You mustn't go—Harry—you mustn't. I can't bear it. (*her head again down on his bosom in desperate grief*)

MACKINTOSH. Leonora, when you are gone—life will be so barren—so desolate—that—I—I can't endure it— (*a step forward*) I won't endure it! !

LEONORA. (*clutching his arms with both hands. Speaks quickly, breathlessly*) Oh Harry! you mustn't do anything rash. You mustn't. Promise me that you won't.

MACKINTOSH. What have I got to live for?

LEONORA. Oh—I don't know! Can't you—can't you live—for me?

MACKINTOSH. For you. (*turning to her*)

LEONORA. Oh! Of course you can't. But do live some way! won't you, Harry?

MACKINTOSH. Down in this country, they wouldn't allow such a thing. It's only up in Canada —some old French custom.

LEONORA. Isn't it perfectly horrid.

MACKINTOSH. Think of it—in this age of the world—to betroth you to a man you never saw in your life—a man you don't love——

LEONORA. Oh no!

MACKINTOSH. Just because he's rich! A rich sugar planter—marriage for money—money. (*going down* R. *a little*)

LEONORA. Oh—papa is so cruel. (*go* L. *a little*)

MACKINTOSH. It's an outrageous crime—(*Enter* MR. FADDISH L. *hurriedly down staircase.* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *have their backs turned to him*) It's—it's—Oh I can't.

FADDISH. Now see here! You must get right off from this boat—right off! (*runs up stairs again.*)

MACKINTOSH. I tell you Mr. Faddish—— (*turning to him*)

FADDISH. (*running down stairs again*) Now you ain't going to tell me anything! (FADDISH *moves nervously about.*)

LEONORA. Oh papa! (*symptoms of sobbing*)

MACKINTOSH. Isn't her happiness something to you?

FADDISH. (*stopping before him*) Isn't her—(*chokes with indignation*) you ask me—her happiness—and I'm doing all this—'ere's a chance for a good marriage. It ain't every day that a rich West Indian Sugar Planter will marry a girl with nothing but her family name to bring to him! And if her uncle James hadn't been down in Cuba last Winter and got acquainted with him, we couldn't have dared to hope for such a thing.

LEONORA. Then I wish Uncle James had stayed at home.

FADDISH. Well he didn't—he arranged it all—and you was perfectly free to accept or not. You decided to accept.

LEONORA. I hadn't seen Harry then.

FADDISH. I don't care if you hadn't. Our word was given. We're Faddishes—and we're going to keep it. They're going to go! They're going to go. (*starting up staircase*)

(PURSER *crosses at top of stairs from* L. *to* R. *and speaks following speech to those in saloon as he goes across.*)

PURSER. Anybody to go ashore! They're hauling in the plank.

(*Exit* PURSER.)

FADDISH. (*excitedly—wildly*) Yes—yes! He's goin'! Tell 'em to wait. (*engine-room bell rings*)

MACKINTOSH. I won't leave her. (*goes over to* LEONORA)

FADDISH. (*hopping about with excitement—at foot of stairs*) What! You promised—you promised if I'd let you come down to New York—and see her off—here, wait. (*goes upstairs*) He's coming. You promised me—— (*coming downstairs again*)

MACKINTOSH. (*change*) Yes—I did. (*slight pause—suddenly clasps* LEONORA *in his arms*) Good-bye. (*releases her as suddenly. Turns and dashes towards the stairway. Enter* LEON DATHIS *from top of stairs* R. *just as* MACKINTOSH *is going up the stairs*)

DATHIS. (*stopping* MACKINTOSH) One moment.

MACKINTOSH. Eh?

FADDISH. Don't stop him! He's got to get off.

DATHIS. He cannot till I know hees name.

MACKINTOSH. What are you doing? (*struggles hard to pass* DATHIS—DATHIS *holds him. Steam whistle blows*)

FADDISH. My soul! (*fusses about*) He'll be left!

DATHIS. Who ees he—I ask you zhat?

FADDISH. Don't stop him—I'll be responsible.

DATHIS. Hees name—what is it?

FADDISH. } (*together*) Mackintosh.
MACKINTOSH. }

(LEONORA *regards this scene with anxiety—eyes strained wide open. Stands motionless.*)

DATHIS. Permeet me.

(*Snatches off* MACKINTOSH'S *hat—and at the same time pulls piece of photograph from his pocket and hurriedly compares the two. Struggle, etc., going on during this, but* DATHIS *holds* MACKINTOSH *firmly.*)

DATHIS. It is not heem!

(*Releases* MACKINTOSH. MACKINTOSH *exits quickly* —DATHIS *down* L. MACKINTOSH *makes a rush up stairway, and bounds off* L. DATHIS *comes downstairs and stands* L. *watching scene.*)

FADDISH. (*following* MACKINTOSH) Hurry! Hurry! or you'll be left! Run! (PURSER *appears on stairway from above as* MACKINTOSH *rushes past. Looks at him*)

PURSER. He can't get ashore. (*Comes downstairs and goes off passageway up* L., *down and off.*)

FADDISH. (*wildly on stairs*) Can't he jump?

LEONORA. (*to* R. *foot of stairs, with scream*) Oh! No! No! (*running to foot of stairway and a few steps up in her excitement*) He mustn't. Don't let him. Stop him.

FADDISH. (*upstairs—wildly*) Tell them to stop the boat. (*goes off* L. *calling*) Stop the boat! Stop the boat!!

LEONORA. (*looking up the stairs and off to* L.) They're holding him. They won't let him jump! He's safe! He's safe!

DATHIS. (*who has watched bus. from* L., *going up to stairway*) Tell me zthis! Why did zthe young man wish to escape—eh! Tell me zthat?

LEONORA. (*looks at* DATHIS) He didn't wish to! They made him. (*coming down toward table* R.)

DATHIS. I shall see him once more. There is some treek.

(*Exits by passageway up* L. *Enter* MACKINTOSH, *running down stairway.*)

MACKINTOSH. (*seizing* LEONORA'S *hands*) My darling!

LEONORA. Isn't it dreadful!

MACKINTOSH. (*releasing her*) That I am going with you!

LEONORA. (*with a cry of pain*) Oh—no! I only meant that—that you——

MACKINTOSH. We're not far from the dock—I can jump in and swim. (*going to foot of stairs*)

LEONORA. (*following him quickly—holding him*) No, no! You shall not. You shall not do it! I didn't mean it, Harry, you know I didn't.

MACKINTOSH. Then I will go with you! (*arm around her*)

LEONORA. (*bus.—they both sit on bottom step but one of stairs*) Oh, I'm so glad—so glad. (*pause*) But, Harry—the steamer is full—every berth is taken! Where will you sleep?

MACKINTOSH. I don't want to sleep. I want to lie awake—and realize that I am here with you.

LEONORA. Oh, Harry; But you must have somewhere—to lie awake in!

MACKINTOSH. It's nothing to me! I'll go on the roof—or down in the coal hole—or—or—— (*stops, unable to think of any other place bad enough*)

LEONORA. How brave you are! (*arms around him*) and—and—I'm so glad you're going too! So glad! (*whistle of tugboat—answered after a moment's pause by steam whistle of ship. Getting up suddenly*) What was that?

MACKINTOSH. I don't know. (*rising*)

LEONORA. (*going to* R.) Shall we—shall we go out and see?

MACKINTOSH. Yes—if you want to. (*they start toward passageway up* R. *Arm around her*) He—he can't blame me—can he? I tried to get off!

LEONORA. Oh—no.

MACKINTOSH. And we—we're not torn asunder—yet—my darling.

LEONORA. No, oh no, Harry! Not yet!

(*Business. They exit by passageway up* R.)

(*Enter* AUGUSTUS BILLINGS *and* PURSER—*from passageway up* L. PURSER *goes quickly to cabinet over* R., *under staircase, taking out keys, unlocking. Looks rapidly among bottles.* BILLINGS *follows him up to cabinet—giving rapid glance about cabinet as he comes in. Another glance or two about over his shoulder as he stands watching* PURSER; PURSER *finds empty bottle. Holds it up to light and shakes—*

to make sure that it is empty. Shakes head. Looks at BILLINGS. BILLINGS *looks at him. Slight pause.* NOTE.—*Endeavor to work* BILLINGS *on the easy, nonchalant idea, as far as possible, confident, cool, not too anxious—always confident he'll pull through all right.*)

PURSER. All gone, sir! Not a drop left! (BILLINGS *looks at* PURSER *with hands shoved down in trousers pockets. They both come down*) I remember there was quite a call for it the last trip in. It's one of the best things for seasickness, sir, that you ever——

BILLINGS. (*interrupting* PURSER) Yes, but it's gone. (PURSER *and* BILLINGS *look at one another an instant.* BILLINGS *turns away as if to go* L. PURSER *goes up to cabinet, puts back the bottle.* NOTE.—BILLINGS *mem., to remove cap at some time during this scene—so that his head and hair may be seen previous to the hair cutting business.* BILLINGS *stops a little down left because something occurs to him. Glances at* PURSER. *Pulls out roll of bills and gets a* 20. *Aloud, as he is getting bill out*) Say—look here—— (*without looking round. May put unlighted cigar which he finds in pocket absentmindedly into mouth*)

PURSER. (*who has just closed cabinet*) Yes, sir —(*goes down near* BILLINGS)

BILLINGS. Want to get you to—— (*slight pause as he nonchalantly puts a twenty dollar bill into* PURSER'S *hand*)

PURSER. Certainly, sir—anything I can——

BILLINGS. Yes—that's what I mean. You can help me through on a little—— (*notices number of stateroom down* L. *With motion of head and looking over at stateroom.*) 'S that seventy-two?

PURSER. Yes, sir. (*looks over at stateroom*)

BILLINGS. Say—come over here, will you? (*hold centre of stage*) There's a strange thing on around here—and I'm in it— (*looking around cabin*) Do you see anybody?

PURSER. No, sir!

BILLINGS. Where?

PURSER. Where, sir! I——

BILLINGS. Oh, I thought you said you did.

PURSER. No, sir!

BILLINGS. All up on deck, aren't they, seeing 'em off?

PURSER. Yes, sir!

BILLINGS. Say, look here! Listen! Just because I took a lady to the opera two or three times and sent her a few notes and a photograph I've got to go to Cuba— See here! I'll have to tell you all about it or you won't be any use to me. My name's Billings—office 18 Wall—Attorney, you know—and all that— Live up in Yonkers.

PURSER. Yes, sir.

BILLINGS. Yes, just starting out for some place in Cuba—forget what they call it— Sandy something or other.

PURSER. Sandiago, sir!

BILLINGS. That's what it is!

PURSER. Sandiago's way down at the East end o' the island, sir!

BILLINGS. All right. That's where we're going.

PURSER. We take you to Havana, sir.

BILLINGS. What for?

PURSER. That's where the boat runs, sir.

BILLINGS. What do I do then?

PURSER. You change to a steamer which takes you to Sandiago.

BILLINGS. Do I have to change?

PURSER. Yes, sir. You'll have plenty of time there.

BILLINGS. Oh, I'll have plenty of time, will I? Well, I need plenty of time. Now, see here, you don't know how it is yet. Two ladies with me—wife and her mother. They think I own a big place down there—and run the sugar business. (*looks at* PURSER *an instant—shakes head*) Rot. (PURSER *looks at* BILLINGS *surprised. Cigar in mouth again.*) Don't know what sugar is. All came out of a little affair you know—come over here—(PURSER *follows* BILLINGS *and stands left at chair*) singular isn't it, how these little—detained in town one night on business—dining at French table d'hote—one of the rear ones near Washington Square—she was charming, too—sweetest little—French, you know—and a flirt—Great Scott!—Out of sight!

PURSER. (*eyes sparkling*) Out of sight, was she?

BILLINGS. Yes. Wish to God she'd stayed there. (NOTE.—*"Yes" slurred—more Yeer*) Forgotten her purse or something—course I came to time—settled the bill—saw her to cab—saw cab to—hem—

PURSER. Yes, yes.

BILLINGS. Theatres—concerts—operas—roof gardens—and all that sort of innocent amusement till her husband came back.

PURSER. Husband, sir! (*back to centre of stage*)

BILLINGS. Don't shriek like that!! That's the idea though—One of these crazy Frenchmen—wine business—importer and all that. Had to make the trip to San Francisco every now and then—that's where he imported from.

PURSER. O yes, I see.

BILLINGS. Yes, of course. California wine—with a French accent. Every time he went West we stayed East—you see how it was, of course.

PURSER. Yes, sir.

BILLINGS. Of course had to tell 'em something—up in Yonkers. Said I'd bought a sugar ranch down

in Cuba, had to go down there every now and then to see it. It occurred to me because I had a college chum—Billy Lounsberry—went down there in '84—gave me the idea, you see. His ranch was near this place—e—Santiago. He called it "The Columbia" —patriotic sort of a duck, Billy was—so I just gave 'em that as the name of mine, so as to have a real one behind it. Knew Lounsberry wouldn't mind. He'd do anything for me! Don't believe in these things—but—didn't seem to be any way out of it——

PURSER. No, sir.

BILLINGS. I'm glad you look at it that way. Last Tuesday got word from her——

PURSER. Which?

BILLINGS. (*looks at* PURSER *an instant*) There's only one. I didn't mention another, did I? Clairette was her name, I thought I told you.

PURSER. No, sir.

BILLINGS. Clairette, the little French——

PURSER. Oh, yes, I remember her!

BILLINGS. Yes—I got word from her after her husband left for the Slope that morning. Looked up Havana steamers—found this was the first one out—told the folks I'd got to take it.

PURSER. What folks?

BILLINGS. Told my folks up in Yonkers.

PURSER. Oh I see.

BILLINGS. I'd got to take this steamer, you know —then I lit out for Long Branch where I'd got to meet her—— Got to Long Branch; instead of finding her there, found this letter waiting for me at the West End Hotel. (*feeling in pockets*)—where the deuce—— (*cigar in mouth to get it out of way. Feels in other pockets*) Great Scott!! Now if I've gone and dropped that anywhere—the way they do in plays—— (*looking about*) Oh—overcoat pocket

—hung it up in stateroom—— (*starting over* L. *toward stateroom 72 as if to get it—but stops suddenly and turns to* PURSER, *who is now* R. PURSER *starts to follow* BILLINGS *to stateroom and is stopped*) Never mind—this is what she said—"Monsieur Johnson."

PURSER. Johnson, sir? I thought it was to you.

BILLINGS. That's right—I'm Johnson——

PURSER. You, sir!—you said your name was Billings?

BILLINGS. (*shaking head*) Not in this case.

PURSER. Oh—yes, I see!

BILLINGS. Yes. Wouldn't do to give my name, you know. Might take a fancy to look you up and there you are! Johnson perfectly safe—such a lot of 'em. More than 15,000 of them in the directory. Haven't counted them—but a man told me, such a lot of 'em. She doesn't even know I belong in this country—gave her the same deal about owning a sugar ranch in Cuba—one lie covers both ends of it. Always like to economize on a lie when I can, you know.

PURSER. Very good, sir.

BILLINGS. Letter was something like this! "My most adorable little Sugar Planter"—or whatever it was—"Fly for your life—my husband has unexpectedly come back before he started. He suspects—he has seized your photograph—your name is on the back,"—and all that, you see.

PURSER. Very disagreeable, wasn't it, sir?

BILLINGS. (*shakes head*) Not yet—coming to that now. Always come down to the steamer last thing before she sails—might find letters—Yonkers you know—and all that. Came this morning. Found one—Mrs. Billings—said she and her mother'd been thinking it over. That settled it—needn't read any more. When they think anything over—Biff—you

know. Been thinking it over—wanted a rest and change of air—unless I telegraphed contrary they'd go to Cuba with me. (PURSER *gives a long whistle*) Too late to telegraph contrary—barely time to get a couple of staterooms—rush out and buy this cap —so's to look as if I was really going, you know —and there they were toddling up the gang plank— See how it is of course. They think I'd made the trip a couple of dozen times—regular old sea dog and all that—(*slight pause*) be as sick as a cat in ten minutes—and don't know a damn thing about Cuba (*turning from* PURSER *and going up a little*)

PURSER. (*after slight pause to take it in*) But when you get to Santiago, sir—?

BILLINGS. (*coming to him again*) Get there I'm all right. Hunt up Billy Lounsberry, he's there yet! you know, borrow his plantation for a week or so and pass it off as mine. He's all right—do anything for me—Thing is getting there.

PURSER. Now I think of it, sir, there's an extra bottle of that nerve tonic in my cabin. (BILLINGS *looks at* PURSER)

BILLINGS. Well I'm glad you think of it.

PURSER. I'll get it right off. (*starts up the stairway*)

BILLINGS. Right off isn't any too soon for me. (PURSER *stops suddenly on stairs and comes down again to* R. *of* BILLINGS)

PURSER. There's another thing, sir. Did you ever try a belt?

BILLINGS. (*shakes head*) Never tried anything.

PURSER. It's almost sure to fix you, sir! (*going to cabinet again and opening it, bringing out a large belt, with strap and buckles of considerable size. Brings it down to* BILLINGS *who has gone over* L. C. *near table*)

BILLINGS. Do I get it? (*as purser goes up for belt*)

PURSER. Yes, sir, here it is!—I'm glad I thought of that! (BILLINGS *takes belt*)

BILLINGS. What do I do with that?

PURSER. Put it on, sir—that's all!

BILLINGS. Didn't know but I had to chew it or something.

PURSER. Ah now, chew that?

BILLINGS. Only joking of course. Shouldn't want to be taken for a horse.

PURSER. Now that won't be necessary, do you want to hide it?

BILLINGS. I can tell you that——

PURSER. Well button your coat over it.

BILLINGS. I suppose you have done this before?

PURSER. O yes, quite often. Let me help you, sir. Some people it keeps off seasickness entirely.

BILLINGS. Some people?—

PURSER. Yes, sir.

BILLINGS. Trust I'm a member of that fortunate class of the community. (*during bus. of tightening belt*) I begin to feel as if I'd had dinner. (PURSER *tightens belt*) There goes another dinner. Say—am I going to take any of that tonic?

PURSER. Why certainly, sir!

BILLINGS. Then you don't want to pull this thing any tighter.

PURSER. But you must have it tight! That's the only good of it!

BILLINGS. All right. (PURSER *pulls* BILLINGS *hard*) Say! Hold on! Let me hang on to something!

PURSER. Hold on to that table, sir.

(PURSER *begins to pull straps with force and* BILLINGS *braces himself and holds on to table.*

Enter MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON *down stairway from* L. *They stop in astonishment on seeing the* PURSER *pulling* BILLINGS *around. The* PURSER *gives a strong pull, so that* BILLINGS *loses hold on table and is thrown around—holding on to* PURSER, *which leaves* PURSER L. *of* BILLINGS *when ladies scream.* MRS. BILLINGS *gives a sharp scream and* MRS. BATTERSON *at same time a screech of alarm, both starting down toward* BILLINGS *and* PURSER, MRS. BILLINGS *arriving nearest to* BILLINGS. BILLINGS *coolly turns and stands easily before them with perfect self possession—and no idea of concealing anything. Clothes somewhat disarranged. Takes cigar out of mouth.*)

BILLINGS. (*looking about to see what caused them to scream*) What did you see?

MRS. BILLINGS. Was he—why what was he doing to you?

BILLINGS (*innocently*) Who? (*glances about*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, that fellow—you were wrestling with——

BILLINGS. (*looks about innocently—sees* PURSER) Oh—(*his momentary anxiety is satisfied. Takes out a cigar and prepares to light it*) That's what it was. (*lighting his cigar. Says to* PURSER *carelessly between puffs as he lights it—*) She thought we were scrapping.

MRS. BATTERSON. What is the explanation of the affair?

BILLINGS. (*cigar bus. Wait till lights it before speaking*) Helping me on—with this. (*touching belt lightly as he tossed away match*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Mercy! What is it?

BILLINGS. Belt. (*he handles buckles, etc., carelessly*)

MRS. BATTERSON. And why were you going strapped into a belt at such a time?

BILLINGS. Game of tennis. (*puffs cigar*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Tennis!

MRS. BILLINGS. You don't mean here on the ship!

BILLINGS. No. Going to get off and play in the water. (PURSER *goes to passageway up* L. *and watches them*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, Augustus!—You don't mean that!

BILLINGS. (*to* PURSER *gayly*) 'S all right, old man, be along in five or ten minutes.

PURSER. Very well, sir! I'll get the mallets!

(*Exit* PURSER *by passageway up* L.)

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*turning in surprise on word mallets*) Mallets!

BILLINGS. (*nods affirmatively*) 'S a way he has—doesn't like to say anything about a racket (*puff of smoke*) he's a married man.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*crossing over to him*—MRS. BILLINGS *retires up a little*) Tennis seems to me a most extraordinary pastime to indulge in—at sea.

BILLINGS. 'S all right—You haven't got to play. (MRS. BATTERSON *goes* R., MRS. BILLINGS *comes down next to* BILLINGS)

(*Enter* PURSER'S BOY *from passageway up* L. *He comes down to* BILLINGS *and offers him a large bottle.*)

BILLINGS. (*after looking at the boy awhile calmly*) What's that?

BOY. It's the medicine, sir. (*offering* BILLINGS *a bottle. Pause.* BILLINGS *regards the boy in meditative silence. Puff cigar bus.*)

BILLINGS. Medicine? (*takes bottle and looks at it*)

BOY. Yes, sir. Chief Purser says when you feel it coming on take a spoonful in a glass o' water.

BILLINGS. Feel what coming on? (BILLINGS *is simply and naturally apparently ignorant of what it all means. No fits and starts. No signs to the boy aside. Nothing*)

BOY. Seasickness, sir.

BILLINGS. What?

BOY. Seasickness!

MRS. BILLINGS. For you, Augustus!

BILLINGS. Somebody's trying to be funny. (*looks at bottle again. To* BOY—*as if to get at the root of the matter—yet not sharp or strong*) Where'd you get this?

BOY. The Chief Purser sent it, sir. He said you——

BILLINGS. (*interrupting*) Oh—Purser! Yes—must be that stuff (*looks at bottle*) I was telling McCauley about—Steward thought it was for me. (*to* BOY) Spoonful, you say,—when he feels it coming on?

BOY. Yes, sir. (*Exit* L. 1 E.)

BILLINGS. I'll tell him—(*sitting on edge of table* L.—*putting bottle in side pocket*) First I thought they had a game up on me. There's some of the boys on this trip.

(*Enter* DATHIS excitedly *from passageway up* L. *Goes quickly to* R. *of* BILLINGS.)

DATHIS. (*to* BILLINGS) I shall ask you, sir, to——

BILLINGS. (*turning coolly to* DATHIS *and drawing bottle out of pocket*) Here it is, right here—(*shoves bottle into* "DATHIS'S" *hands and begins to lead him away*) When you feel it coming on, take a spoonful in a glass of water.

DATHIS. But I wish you to tell me, sir.

BILLINGS. Tells all about it on the bottle!
DATHIS. I call on you, sir.
BILLINGS. Cheer up, old man.

(*They exit* L. 1 E. *expostulating ad. lib.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *watch them off astonished.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. What was the man trying to say?

MRS. BILLINGS. He was asking Augustus about the medicine, I think.

MRS. BATTERSON. There was something else. He seemed to be in a most excited state!

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, so he did. Have you seen our staterooms, mama? Yours is right next to ours. (*going to stateroom No.* 70 *and unlocking it*)

MRS. BATTERSON. I just looked in before we started.

MRS. BILLINGS. I must go and fix things. Augustus scattered his clothes all about. I never saw such a place.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*going up to her stateroom No.* 70) Well don't let's stop long *now*. I want to see the Statue of Liberty, and we're almost there.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*at her door*) Oh, yes, we want to see that! Were you going to get a wrap?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*at her door*) Yes, it's too chilly to be up there without one. (MRS. BILLINGS *goes in stateroom No.* 72. *Gets shawl from outside*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Mine's all done up in a shawl strap.

MRS. BATTERSON. Well, don't stop for it now—take something else.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*getting overcoat from stateroom No.* 72) Here is just the thing! Augustus isn't using it.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, come dear! (*starting toward stairway*)

MRS. BILLINGS. I don't believe he wants it, do you?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*looking around at her, and putting on her shawl*) It's not at all likely that he'll need an overcoat to play tennis in.

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, yes, he's going to play tennis. (*begins fumbling with pocket of overcoat*)

MRS. BATTERSON. I should think that belt he had on was enough to keep him warm without much of anything else.

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! wait a minute, mama! (*sits* R. *of table* L.)

MRS. BATTERSON. What's the matter?

MRS. BILLINGS. Dear me! He's got a lot of cigars in this pocket! I must take them out or they'll all be broken, and he wouldn't like that. (*brings out some cigars and puts them on table beside her*)

MRS. BATTERSON. My advice would be to bring them up on deck and pitch them off into the water.

MRS. BILLINGS. But it wouldn't do any good—he'd only get some more. (*bringing out more cigars*)

MRS. BATTERSON. The man makes a perfect chimney of himself.

MRS. BILLINGS. Not a *perfect* chimney, mama—because he *smokes*.

MRS. BATTERSON. I have never approved of your letting him go on with it, when he gave you his promise to stop, before I consented to your marriage.

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, but I didn't want to hold him to it. (*during this* MRS. BILLINGS *brings out more cigars and letter and envelope*) He enjoys it so much—and, besides, he never smokes pipes—and that's a good deal!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*seeing letter in* MRS. BILLINGS' *hand*) What's that?

MRS. BILLINGS. (casually) Ah some letter or something!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*looking over her shoulder*) It looks like a female hand—you'd better let me see it!

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, no!—It might be—something private, you know—and it doesn't seem quite right to——

MRS. BATTERSON. It doesn't seem quite right to find strange ladies' letters in your husband's pockets——

MRS. BILLINGS. But it's—it's only business—I'm sure of that.

MRS. BATTERSON. Then there's no harm in looking at it. (*taking letter and envelope*) You see it's out of the envelope—So we don't open it. (*reads letter—pause*) Well, I declare!!

MRS. BILLINGS. (rises and goes to her) What is it? (*reaching for letter*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*drawing letter away*) No!

MRS. BILLINGS. Why—is it—is it anything, mama?

MRS. BATTERSON. Anything!!—(*embracing her*) My poor dear, you must prepare yourself for the worst. I've suspected for some time that things were not as they should be, but I had no idea they were as bad as this!

MRS. BILLINGS. What is it?—What does it say?

MRS. BATTERSON. You'd better not hear it—yet!

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, I must know! (*pause*) Read it! Read it!!!

MRS. BATTERSON. (reads) "My sweetest of little sugar-planters."

MRS. BILLINGS. Does it say that?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*nods "yes"*)

MRS. BILLINGS. From a—a lady?

MRS. BATTERSON. Do you suppose a *man* would begin like that?

MRS. BILLINGS. Who—who is it?

MRS. BATTERSON. "Clairette"!!

MRS. BILLINGS. "Clairette"! (*piteously*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes. And how do you like to have this creature say——

MRS. BILLINGS. (*breaking in on her*) No, no!—don't read any more—now (*goes* L. *a little, thinking*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Something must be done. (*pause*) Come into my room! My poor child! (*goes up to door of stateroom No.* 70 *and waits*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*pause a moment, then breaks down and goes up to* MRS. BATTERSON) Mama!!!

MRS. BATTERSON. Come my dear!! (*takes her off into stateroom No.* 70)

(*Enter* DATHIS *and* BILLINGS *from passage up* L. DATHIS *comes on first holding medicine bottle and goes down* R., *then crosses over to* L.)

DATHIS. But I tell you, sir—zis ees an imposition! It ees——

BILLINGS. (C.) Say, hold on; I can't understand a word you're talking about. Don't thrash about the ship like this—want to tell you how it was—the stuff was sent to me you know——

DATHIS. (*crossing to* R. *again*) Then why did you insist that I should take it, eh?

BILLINGS. What's the matter? Can't you help a fellow out on a little thing like that, eh?

DATHIS. Oh zen I take it to help you, eh?

BILLINGS. That's the way it is—do as much for you sometime—don't talk so loud? Dare say you know how it is yourself—if you've got a wife!

DATHIS. Yes! I have got a wife. (BILLINGS *takes it coolly. Regards* DATHIS *an instant.* DATHIS *looks searchingly at* BILLINGS)

BILLINGS. Yes—of course—so you can—sympathize with me—and I can do the same for you—ought to do these little things, you know—fellow voyagers on life's sea—both of the same—sex—and all that—won't you join me in a little (*going toward* DATHIS *a little*—BILLINGS *takes medicine bottle.* DATHIS *shakes head and motion of hand*) Sorry—(*putting bottle in his breast pocket*)—Might do you good—might cure you. Traveling for pleasure, I suppose——

DATHIS. (*rather violently and suddenly*) No!—not for pleasure!

BILLINGS. Then it must be a business trip—hardly thought—you had the look of a man representing a wholesale or retail—something of a diplomatic or artistic nature?

DATHIS. (*very emphatically*) Sir! I am an importer of French wines (*going to* BILLINGS. BILLINGS *simply regards* DATHIS *calmly an instant*)

BILLINGS. (*first puts cigar in mouth.*) Recent attempt at tariff reform affected your trade much?

DATHIS. Listen! My business is not wines. It was. It is no longer! I am in search of a scoundrel! (*crosses* BILLINGS *to* L. BILLINGS *regards* DATHIS *coolly a few seconds*)

BILLINGS. Scoundrel, eh! (*sits* L. *of table* R. *Cool—but showing by a glance that he realizes who* DATHIS *is*)

DATHIS. (*hisses it out*) Y-e-s!—Scoundrel! He has desolated my home! He has—(*chokes with excitement. Going to* BILLINGS) But I have tracked heem to zthis sheep! He shall fight with me!

BILLINGS. That's right.

DATHIS. You would do the same?

BILLINGS. Of course—that's what I always do!

DATHIS. Then I shall do it! It is easy to find him now. I know zthat he is on zthis sheep—and

(*leaving* BILLINGS *and going down* L. *again. Pulls out photograph excitedly, trembling hands*) I have here *his photograph!* (DATHIS *looks earnestly at photo and does not see* BILLINGS *bus.* BILLINGS *quietly turns up collar of his coat*)

BILLINGS. Got everything your own way, haven't you?

DATHIS. Ze photograph is torn—I have here only ze top part of hees head.

BILLINGS. Too bad—what's the matter with the rest of it?

DATHIS. (*goes on with ferocity*) My "Clairette," my wife, has torn eet away! (BILLINGS *pauses a minute—then turns down collar quietly*) But this is enough! I cannot mistake—eff I see zhe top of the head like zhat!

BILLINGS. No certainly not. Nobody could mistake such a looking thing as that, but you have all the trouble of——

DATHIS. Zthe trouble is nozthing at all! I will look at all on zthis sheep. (*goes over to* BILLINGS *who is still seated* L. *of table* R.) Zthat is why I will ask you to permeet me—(*reaching for* BILLINGS' *cap*)

BILLINGS. Why, certainly—anything I can do to (*rising*) What is it? (*pause—to* DATHIS) Wait here a minute—My wife's——

DATHIS. But Monsieur—I wish you to——

BILLINGS. Just going to the stairs here to tell her I can't come. Now look here, you, old man, just a minute—I want to hear all about this photograph torn in two and you've got the little end of it. Don't go away—want to hear the rest of this!—(*pulls knife or pocket scissors out of pocket as he goes up. Bus. of getting ready to cut hair. Goes up stairway far enough to hide head*)

BILLINGS. (*speaking off up stairway*) What did you say? Yes, I'm here. (BILLINGS *hair-cutting bus. Head out of sight*—DATHIS *waits down* L. *looking at photograph*) No—don't know where she is—better look in the smoking-room—if she isn't there, look somewhere else! No—can't come just now—Talking business with a man—be up in a few minutes! (*bus. handfuls of hair, etc.* BILLINGS *puts on cap and comes down again to* DATHIS) Have to attend to these little things—you know how it is—Now—as you were going to say—(*comes down and sits again* L. *of table* R.)

DATHIS. I shall not detain you long—(*coming over to* BILLINGS) It is only that I must look at everyone——

BILLINGS. That's all right.

DATHIS. You will permeet me—(*removes* BILLING'S *cap—starts on seeing his head which has a patch on top with no hair on it—then looks at photo to compare it and speaks*) It is not heem! (*returns photo to pocket*)

BILLINGS. Anything else I can do for you, old man—just let me know.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*speaks outside from her stateroom*) I shall certainly look into this affair.

(*She enters from her stateroom No. 70 followed by* MRS. BILLINGS—*and sees* BILLINGS *seated* L. *of table* R.—*as ladies enter* DATHIS *retires up a little on* R.—*and watches closely scene with* BILLINGS *and ladies.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. There he is! (*stands at* L. *with stern and determined expression, a letter in her hand*)

MRS. BILLINGS. So he is! Augustus! (R. *of* MRS. BATTERSON)

BILLINGS. What's the matter? (*rising*) Don't you like your stateroom?

MRS. BILLINGS. It isn't that.

DATHIS. (*To* BILLINGS) Ees that your wife?

BILLINGS (*To* DATHIS) Looks like it.

DATHIS. (*Aside to* BILLINGS) You speak to her zther from ze stairway on zthe deck. How then does she come from her cabin?

BILLINGS. (*Aside to* DATHIS) That is funny, isn't it? She must have got in the window.

MRS. BILLINGS. Augustus!

BILLINGS. (*starts toward her—removing cap*) I'll just see what the ladies want. Yes, my dear.

(MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON *give one look and shriek*)

DATHIS. (*coming down close to* BILLINGS R. *of him*) Why does your wife scream?

BILLINGS. You frighten her, my boy!

DATHIS. What have I done?

BILLINGS. How do I know? Some damn thing —anyone can see that.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*pointing to* BILLINGS' *head*) Oh, Augustus!

DATHIS. No, no! She points at you!

BILLINGS. Don't say anything about it, she can't point straight—she's left-handed.

DATHIS. (*after a look, crosses to* C. *between* BILLINGS *and ladies*) If ze ladies desire me to retire——

BILLINGS. They seem to— Perhaps you'll come around some other time. (*going right with him up to passageway up* R.) When you're fixed up a little —our room is 72—we'd like to see you any other time, but now you know—— (*exit* DATHIS R. U. E. BILLINGS *after sending* DATHIS *off comes down to ladies*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Augustus—what is it! Where have you been?

BILLINGS. Engine room.

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! (*subdued*)

BILLINGS. Pretty close shave.

MRS. BILLINGS. Mercy!

BILLINGS. Got absorbed. Didn't notice where I was—standing near the piston-rod. (MRS. BILLINGS *shudders*—BILLINGS *has hat off until end of this speech*) Suddenly I felt my hair seized in a grip of iron—caught by the suction pump—slowly wound up on the starboard windlass—struggle with might and main—— No use! Drawn nearer and nearer every moment? Suddenly remember — pocket-knife! Snatched it out—cut myself loose—and fell exhausted into the ash-pan! (*sits* L. *of table* R.)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*great and breathless earnestness*) Oh, Augustus! (*slight pause*) Wasn't that dreadful, mama?

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes—very. Now go to your stateroom—I wish to see him about this! (*refers to letter she has*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, yes! I'd forgotten that. (*going to him at table and taking his hand, bringing him down*) Oh, I hope it—it isn't so, Augustus.

BILLINGS. (*rising and coming down* R. C. *with* MRS. BILLINGS) Hope what isn't so?

MRS. BILLINGS. (*leaving him and speaking as she goes to stateroom No.* 72) Ask mama!!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*standing* C. *looking at her—sees* MRS. BILLINGS *off—then turns and looks at* BILLINGS, *who is* R.—*long pause before she speaks—they stand looking at one another*) Of course I needn't explain what it is I desire to see you about!

BILLINGS. (*shakes head*) Needn't explain anything you don't want to. (BILLINGS *looks at her a*

moment as he speaks, then goes quickly to table and reads his paper. After a long pause, during which MRS. BATTERSON *looks at him*——)

MRS. BATTERSON. Pah! As if you didn't know what I meant! (*going over to him at table*) It's this letter, sir, that I wish to have explained. (BILLINGS *lowers paper and looks at her*)

BILLINGS. What is it? (*holds out hand for letter*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*drawing it away*) Not at all.

BILLINGS. (*resuming paper*) Thought you wanted me to explain something.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*rapidly—very excitedly*) This is what I want you to explain: We found it in the pocket of your overcoat! (*reads with rapidity and excitement*) "Monsieur:—You must go away quickly. My husband returns. He seizes your photograph. I also seize it—it breaks—but he has still a part—he is most violent—he——

BILLINGS. (*interrupting. Nonchalantly—but penetrating tone. Slight motion of hand*) Say! Wait a minute. (*etc., until* MRS. BATTERSON *stops*) That's the one, is it?

MRS. BATTERSON. That's the one, sir! And I call on you to—to——

BILLINGS. Say—hold on now—don't call on me. You go and call on the man it's written to. (*reads paper*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Written to! (*sudden glance at letter then looks at* BILLINGS) *It's to you, isn't it?*

BILLINGS. (*not looking up shakes head nonchalantly*) 'Fraid not. (MRS. BATTERSON *looks at letter*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*feeling in pocket*) Where—where's the——(*pulls envelope from pocket and looks at it*) "Mr. Alfred—Mr. Alfred Johnson—West End Hotel—Long Branch." I never looked at the envelope. (*this last is said to herself. She looks at* BIL-

LINGS. BILLINGS *sits silent, reading paper*) Johnson! (*pause.* BILLINGS *does not look at her*) Who is he? (*goes nearer to* BILLINGS) Who is this Johnson? (*sternly*)

BILLINGS. Friend of mine. (*reads again*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Do you open letters addressed to your friends?

BILLINGS. (*reading*) Um—um—When they ask me to.

MRS. BATTERSON. Where is this friend of yours?

BILLINGS. Cuba.

MRS. BATTERSON. You told us you didn't know anyone there—outside of your own place.

BILLINGS. That's right.

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh—then he's on your plantation, is he? (BILLINGS *nods—trying to read paper*) Um! (*she considers a moment*) You're not doing all this for one of your negro workmen are you?

BILLINGS. Think they're all niggers on my place?

MRS. BATTERSON. I don't know.

BILLINGS. Got to have an overseer or something haven't I?

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh, then this Johnson is your overseer?

BILLINGS. Believe so. (*aside.*) Have to pass Billy off as my overseer. But that's all right—he'd——

MRS. BATTERSON. (*looks at envelope again*) And his name is Mr. Alfred—Johnson.

BILLINGS. (*aside*) Got to change his name to Johnson—Won't mind that—do anything for me.

MRS. BATTERSON. Well, I must say this throws rather an interesting light on your overseer's character.

BILLINGS. Think so, do you?

MRS. BATTERSON. Think so! (*looks at* BILLINGS *an instant*) The presence of such a man makes the place an undesirable one for my daughter to visit. (*going right to him*) The first thing I shall do will be to discharge the fellow. (*going over to her stateroom*)

BILLINGS. She's going to discharge Billy from his own place, I want to see that.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*at her stateroom door No.* 70) What I cannot understand is that you should have permitted such a——

(*Enter* MRS. BILLINGS *from her stateroom No.* 72.)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*standing by her stateroom and speaking up to* MRS. BATTERSON, *who is at her stateroom door*) Mama! Is it—is he——

MRS. BATTERSON. (*at her stateroom door No.* 70) It seems the letter was not addressed to him. It was for his overseer—a Mr. Alfred Johnson. (MRS. BATTERSON *exits into stateroom No.* 70)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*after watching* MRS. BATTERSON *off turns to* BILLINGS) Oh, I'm so glad. (*goes to* BILLINGS *and puts her arms around him*) I—didn't doubt you, Augustus—only it did look so dreadful. (BILLINGS *regards her calmly*) Now come and see our stateroom! I've put it in beautiful order. (*getting* BILLINGS *up from chair and leading him over to* L. C. BILLINGS *lets her lead him in absent-minded sort of way. Taking off* BILLINGS' *cap and looking at the state of his head*) And do let me trim your hair a little, you look like a perfect fright! (*taking him nearer to stateroom and looking up in his face lovingly*) And you will forgive me about that letter—won't you, Augustus?

BILLINGS. What letter?

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, the one Mama——

BILLINGS. Oh, that's all right! (*they exit into stateroom 72*)

(*Enter* MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA *from passageway up* R. *Hurriedly they glance behind them as they come as if trying to elude someone.* MACKINTOSH *comes on first*)

LEONORA. Do you think he saw us? (*goes and sits* L. *of table* R.)

MACKINTOSH. No—he was looking over at that schooner. (*comes and leans over back of table, his face near her*) My own love.

LEONORA. Papa is so inconsiderate. To follow us everywhere—when we love each other so.

MACKINTOSH. Yes, my darling.

LEONORA. Oh how good that you couldn't get off—wasn't it?

MACKINTOSH. It was the voice of fate.

LEONORA. Yes—but—but when we get there—Harry—and that dreadful man comes to take me.

MACKINTOSH. I will appeal to him—as an honorable man—I will——

(*Enter* FADDISH *hurriedly down the cabin stairway. He is looking around for his daughter.*)

LEONORA. Oh! Here's papa.

(MACKINTOSH *comes* R. *of table* R. *and sits.* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *sit, motionless, staring blankly before them like wax figures.* FADDISH *sees them. He comes down* L. *of* LEONORA.)

FADDISH. All this familiarity has got to stop. Suppose it was reported to him how you'd carried on. He might refuse to marry you.

LEONORA. I wish he would.

FADDISH. Well—he might hear of it—there's some people right here on this boat going to the same place. Suppose they knew him and told him all about it.

LEONORA. I wish they would.

FADDISH. (*severely*) Don't say another word. (*goes over and sits* R. *of table* L. *Three sit in an awkward silence for a moment. To* MACKINTOSH) What did you say?

MACKINTOSH. I didn't say anything.

FADDISH. Well—there's nothing to be said. (*crossing his legs*) It's all settled.

LEONORA. Oh papa! (*rises and goes toward* FADDISH)

FADDISH. As soon as you see what a beautiful place he's got. (*rising to her*)

LEONORA. How do you know what he's got? (*turns from* FADDISH *impetuously and returns to chair; does not sit*)

FADDISH. A rich sugar planter such as he is—must have everything.

LEONORA. Well, I know he's perfectly dreadful. (*sits*)

FADDISH. (*going to* LEONORA) These people that the purser told me were going to Santiago might know about him and what kind of a place it is. We can ask them anyway—it will do no harm.

LEONORA. I don't want to hear anything about him—or his place—or any place.

(*Enter* MRS. BATTERSON *from her stateroom No.* 70, *goes and knocks with key on* MRS. BILLINGS' *door No.* 72.)

FADDISH. (*seeing* MRS. BATTERSON) Sh! There's one of the ladies—now!

MRS. BILLINGS. (*when* MRS. BATTERSON *knocks speaks from inside*) Coming, mama! (*speaking back into stateroom*) You'll come up on deck soon, won't you, Augustus?

BILLINGS. Yes, in about a week.

MRS. BATTERSON. Come, Jennie, we won't wait for him.

(MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *start toward stairway.* FADDISH *steps deferentially to intercept them.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, I'm so glad you found that letter wasn't for him.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, but it shows things are not as they should be on the plantation. I am going to make a thorough——

FADDISH. (*removing hat and bowing*) I beg your pardon, ladies. It is allowed—on a voyage, I believe—to speak without the formality of an introduction.

(FADDISH *is up* R. C., MRS. BATTERSON C., *and* MRS. BILLINGS L. C.)

MRS. BATTERSON. Certainly.

(*nearly together*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh yes.

FADDISH. Hem—thank you. My name is Faddish. I am—one of the Faddishes of Tadousac—Province of Quebec. You may have heard them—e—spoken of——

MRS. BATTERSON. No. (*shaking head*) I'm afraid not. (MRS. BILLINGS *also shakes head negatively*)

FADDISH. Quite a well known family——

MRS. BATTERSON. We're hardly acquainted in Canada, sir. We are from Yonkers.

FADDISH. Ah—Yonkers—yes. Is that—e——is that in this country?

(MRS. BATTERSON *is too proud to reply.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes—quite near New York.

FADDISH. Ah—a very—a very large place New York. I—um—we and my daughter and myself—have (*as if introducing*) This is my daughter. (LEONORA *rises and makes a partial bow.* MACKINTOSH *rises and goes up disgusted.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *also bow, slightly murmuring "How d'ye do," etc.*) We are on our way to Santiago.

MRS. BATTERSON AND MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! Ah!

MRS. BATTERSON. In Cuba? You know there are so many Santiagos.

FADDISH. Yes—Madam—Santiago di Cuba—ha, ha!

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, we're going there too.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes.

FADDISH. So the—ah—purser told me, indeed that was my excuse for addressing you so abruptly. I thought perhaps you could—e—give us some information about the place—or——

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh, no! (*shakes head*)

MRS. BILLINGS. No. (*shaking head*) We've never been there.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes—this is our first visit.

FADDISH. Ah—I'm sorry, as—e—e—we wanted to inquire—e——

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, but mama, you know Augustus.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, why of course—Mr. Billings—call him, dear. (*To* FADDISH) He's been there a deal.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*with some pride*) Yes, indeed. He owns one of the largest sugar places there. (MRS. BILLINGS *goes left toward her stateroom*)

FADDISH. Ah—really—then he can tell me—the—e—very things I want to know.

MRS. BILLINGS. Augustus, come out here a moment, won't you? (*looking into stateroom No.* 72)

BILLINGS. No, no, not now.

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, just a MOMENT. Someone wants to see you.

BILINGS. Send him in.

FADDISH. Ah—this is very kind of you, Mrs. Billings—I——

MRS. BATTERSON. Batterson—Mr. Billings is my son-in-law.

FADDISH. Ah—excuse me! I supposed——

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, certainly.

(*They converse. Enter* BILLINGS L. *as if just risen. A pillow in one hand. He looks sick.* MACKINTOSH *comes down* R. *of* LEONORA.)

BILLINGS. Who is it?

MRS. BILLINGS. A gentleman who spoke to us just now. (MRS. BILLINGS *motions toward* FADDISH *—and in a way to ask* BILLINGS *to speak low*)

BILLINGS. What! That old duck?

MRS. BILLINGS. Sh! Yes—there's something he wants to know. (MRS. BILLINGS *leads way across toward* C. BILLINGS *tosses pillows back into room, etc.*)

BILLINGS. He looks it! (*aside—as he tosses pillow back into stateroom*) 'Fraid it was that damned Frenchman. (BILLINGS *follows* MRS. BILLINGS *towards* C.)

MRS. BILLINGS. This is the gentleman—Mr. Faddish—did you say? (FADDISH *assents with "yes—ha, ha"*) My husband, Mr. Billings. (*sort of partial introduction*)

BILLINGS. (*nodding pleasantly*) How are you—— (BILLINGS *does not offer to shake hands. As he speaks he moves leisurely across* MRS. BATTERSON

and MRS. BILLINGS *toward but not too near* FADDISH)

FADDISH. I am honored to make your acquaintance, sir.

BILLINGS. That's all right—e—What was the——

MRS. BATTERSON. (*slowly and distinctly*) Mr. Faddish wants you to tell him about Cuba.

BILLINGS. (*not fazed for an instant. No start or twitch or movement of eyes*) *Cuba, eh?* (*hands in side pockets easily*)

FADDISH. Only a question or two, my dear sir. I know you have been disturbed in your——

BILLINGS. Not at all—nothing disturbs me—(*takes* FADDISH'S *arm and starts to take him up stage*) How about the smoking room and have a quiet little——

MRS. BATTERSON. No, no—we want to hear.

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes. You know we're going there too.

BILLINGS. (*to* FADDISH—*easily and pleasantly*) See how it is—they're going too—you can talk it all over with them, while I—(*getting a cigar ready he wanted to go and smoke. As if to go*)

MRS. BILLINGS. No, wait, Augustus. (*a quick remonstrance*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Stop, how could we tell him, Mr. Billings?

MRS. BILLINGS. He wants to know about Cuba.

BILLINGS. He yer—(*an abbreviated "Oh yes"*) That's different—of course. Thought it was Yonkers or something.

FADDISH. No—Cuba, sir, and I shall be a thousand times——

BILLINGS. That's all right. (*hands on* FADDISH'S *shoulder, comradery bus.*)

FADDISH. Now, if you could tell me——

BILLINGS. Tell you all about it— Charming place—very hot in winter, but the nights are cold, no mosquitoes or malaria, and drives in every direction.

FADDISH. And is the country very——

BILLINGS. No—not so much as you'd expect. Though here and there it is.

FADDISH. And the general surface, sir—do you find it——?

BILLINGS. Oh, we find it that way very, very often.

FADDISH. Find what, sir?

BILLINGS. Find it mostly rolling, with here and there a place where it doesn't roll so much.

FADDISH. Dear me! I heard it was mostly level.

BILLINGS. That's just what it is, where it doesn't roll—of course it can't roll all the time—couldn't any of us do that, you know.

FADDISH. Ha! Ha! Of course not, no, no—and the sugar crop.

BILLINGS. Can't say much for the sugar crop—we lost a few trees from early blight—right on top o' that potato-bug came along, and knocked seventeen different kinds of——

MR. BATTERSON. }
MRS. BILLINGS. } Potato-bug!!!
FADDISH. }

MRS. BILLINGS. Dear me!

MRS. BATTERSON. Do you mean to say they have potato-bugs, Mr. Billings.

BILLINGS. Have everything. Isn't a thing you could name that doesn't grow in Cuba.

FADDISH. Dear me—it must be a wonderful country.

BILLINGS. Yes—— *(turning up stage as if to end it)* You ought to like it down there.

MRS. BATTERSON. Do you remain in Cuba long?

FADDISH. Well—hem—my daughter expects to remain there—permanently (*significant glance at* LEONORA) The fact is, she is on her way to the altar, madam. (MACKINTOSH *turns up stage disgusted.*)

MRS. BATTERSON AND MRS. BILLINGS. Ah, indeed. (*interested at once—nearly together—murmuring*) Really, how interesting!

FADDISH. Yes, yes, ha!——

MRS. BILLINGS. Do you hear that, Augustus. (*going to* BILLINGS, *who is up stage* L. C.) Miss Faddish is to be married in Cuba.

BILLINGS. That's too bad. (MRS. BILLINGS *comes down again*)

FADDISH. Yes—ha, ha! it is a betrothal. It was all arranged by my brother. She has never seen her future husband.

MRS. BATTERSON. What!

MRS. BILLINGS. Not seen him!

FADDISH. You see, we Canadians have some of the French customs still left among us. (BILLINGS *goes up staircase as if to go off*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*looking sympathetically at* LEONORA) Dear me!

FADDISH. (*going up to* BILLINGS *on stairs*) One moment if you could spare it, sir. (*bringing* BILLINGS *down steps*) I thought perhaps, sir, that you might happen to know the—the gentleman who—that is——

BILLINGS. (*up stage—shakes head emphatically as if to settle it quick*) Not at all—never heard of him. (*remains up a little to keep out of the discussion*)

FADDISH. He is a sugar planter—like yourself, sir. His name is Johnson, and he—— (BILLINGS *calmly regards* FADDISH *without moving or displaying any surprise or emotion*)

MRS. BATTERSON AND MRS. BILLINGS. (*looking round at* FADDISH *with start of surprise, sotto*) What, Johnson!

FADDISH. Yes, that's the name, I believe. (*pauses, seeing expression of surprise on ladies' faces.* BILLINGS *looks on coolly*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh, Mr. Billings can tell you about him.

FADDISH. Really.

MRS. BATTERSON. Why, Mr. Johnson is his overseer!

LEONORA. Overseer.
MACKINTOSH. Overseer. } (*nearly together*)
FADDISH. Overseer.

BILLINGS. (*shaking head and coming quickly to* FADDISH *then turning up again after speech*) Not at all—Couldn't be the one, Johnsons everywhere, woods full of them!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*to* FADDISH) Do you know anything about the place where he is?

FADDISH. It is a mile from the city—they call it the Columbia.

MRS. BATTERSON. That's it. (*nearly together*)

MRS. BILLINGS. The very one. (*all look at* BILLINGS)

BILLINGS. (*aside*) Damned if Billy hasn't got a Johnson on his place.

FADDISH. But I understood he was the owner of the estate.

MRS. BATTERSON. The owner! I should say not. (*crossing over to* FADDISH)

FADDISH. (*turning to* BILLINGS, *who is up stage a little*) Can you tell me—e—what sort of a man he is, sir?

BILLINGS. (*turning cheerfully to* FADDISH) Oh—Johnson? Trifle lively, of course—that's the way it is in Cuba—but he's a jolly good fellow—and——

MRS. BATTERSON. Mr. Billings!

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, mama! It's cruel to tell them.

FADDISH. I fear from your manner, ladies, that there is something wrong. I beg you to let me know —before it is too late.

MRS. BATTERSON. Wrong! (*approaching* FADDISH) Mr. Faddish, he is simply the most abandoned——

MRS. BILLINGS. (*pulling her mother around*) Mama!

BILLINGS. (*stepping between* MRS. BATTERSON *and* FADDISH *in the pause made by* MRS. BILLINGS *interruption*) See here— (*gets* FADDISH *while* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *are expostulating*) Needn't disturb yourself—at all, he's really a nice, decent sort of a—— (*taking* FADDISH'S *arm in brotherly comradery*)

LEONORA. (*going up to* FADDISH *on other side from* BILLINGS *and pulling around her*) Papa, do you think I am going to marry such a man as that?

MACKINTOSH. And do you think I am going to let her marry such a man as that?

BILLINGS. (*aside*) I'm fixing a nice mess for Johnson—whoever he is. (*goes up*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*crossing to* FADDISH *and followed by* MRS. BILLINGS) It's my duty to let him know.

MRS. BILLINGS. But mama!

(*Bus.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS, *talking to* FADDISH, LEONORA, *etc., on* R.)

(*Enter* DATHIS *quickly up* L. *in a very nervous state of mind, looking this way and that, and holding the photograph, etc., in his hand*)

BILLINGS. (*meets* DATHIS *up a little in order to conduct him down* L. *away from others. To* DATHIS) Hullo, old man—how are you getting on?

DATHIS. He conceals himself—I have searched the kitchen—the store-room—the cabin——

BILLINGS. (*trying to get* DATHIS *away*) Haven't tried the port scupper, have you? (*takes* DATHIS' *arm*) Just the place he'd be likely to go. Show you where it is.

DATHIS. (*suddenly breaking away*) Wait! (*trying to get toward ladies*) I will first address these ladies——

BILLINGS. (*stopping* DATHIS) No—not just now —they're busy!

DATHIS. (*crossing in front of* BILLINGS *and speaking to ladies*) I care nothing for such things! Madam! (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *turn to* DATHIS)

BILLINGS. (*pulling* DATHIS *around easily*) Did you hear what I said—they're busy.

DATHIS. What is that to me— (*breaking away and turning again to ladies*) Ladies!—pardon me —I search for a villain on this sheep. (*producing photo*) Here's a picture of his face!!

BILLINGS. (*coming suddenly between and seizing* DATHIS *by wrist*) Say, look here! (*holding* DATHIS. *All looking in surprise*) You *can't show* that picture to my wife. It's indecent. (*all astonished*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Is the man crazy?

BILLINGS. (*holding* DATHIS *back.* DATHIS *struggles to free himself*) Call the doctor or someone! I can't hang onto him all day.

MRS. BATTERSON, MRS. BILLINGS, LEONORA, FADDISH (*alarmed and starting to go* R. *and* L. *and up staircase*) Oh! Quick! Yes, yes! Run! He's crazy! (*etc.*)

DATHIS. (*breaking away from* BILLINGS *and crossing quickly to extreme* R. *and turning to others up stage*) It is a lie. I seek a scoundrel by the name of Johnson!

MRS. BATTERSON AND MRS. BILLINGS. (*all characters turn and look at* DATHIS) Johnson!

FADDISH, LEONORA AND MACKINTOSH. (*stopping* R. *and up*) Johnson!

DATHIS. Johnson—who has the sugar plantation in Santiago.

MRS. BATTERSON. It's his overseer! (*pointing to* BILLINGS)

DATHIS. (*pointing to* BILLINGS, *who is down over* L.) You know this man?

MRS. BATTERSON. Why he's on his place!

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, yes! (*nearly together*)

DATHIS. (*to audience* R.) At last I shall come face to face with this cowardly scoundrel.

FADDISH. (*tremulous excitement. Coming down to* DATHIS) What are you going to do?

DATHIS. (*turning on* FADDISH *and speaking right to him*) Kill heem! (*general gasps and slight screams from ladies,* FADDISH *gives a yelp of despair.* MRS. BATTERSON *croaks out a note of horror*)

BILLINGS. My God—if there is a Johnson down there he's going to have a picnic.

(*As curtain comes down* MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON *go over to* BILLINGS L., DATHIS *and* FADDISH *down* R., MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA *up stage* R. C. *Music ff.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Set in 3.*

A room in Johnson's house on the "Columbia" Sugar and Coffee Plantation, Santiago-de-Cuba. Large opening (representing window) at back L. *to* L. C., *with large awning on outside, backed by balustrade and "Cuban" landscape. (The ground is supposed to be about 6 feet below balustrade, so back drop must be hung to convey this.)*

Two small solid doors near together at back R. *to* R. C., *backed by very rough looking interior showing plain board and rafter walls.*

Opening R. 1 E. *back of porch, house and landscape showing road in distance.*

Opening L. 1 E. *similar to opening* R. 1 E. *backed by rough kitchen interior.*

JOGS IN SCENE.—*One between opening* R. 1 E. *and first small door—A small jog between the two small doors and one just above opening* L. 1 E.

Locks and keys on both small doors. Panel in upper R. *corner of door nearest "dresser" to be fixed to be smashed in by "Johnson" in Act. III.*

PROPERTIES.—*Lounge over* R. *between opening* R. 1 E. *and first small door, improvised out of plain boards, padded on top with excelsior and sacking—with two ordinary rough wooden trestles for legs—large coarse white pillow on lounge —the whole to be covered with two large white fur robes.*

Plain deal table over L. *with common kitchen chairs on either side—clean bucket, with clean water and dipper on floor at back of table—Old*

common cover on table—Old kitchen dresser. Rough packing-case in front dresser and rather over to the L. *side of it—small soap box in front of packing case* R. *side of it to step on—wicker rocking chair in window near dresser with back to the audience—small three-legged stool just below first small door and near head of lounge —tea-chest against scene below opening* R. 1 E. *to stand on. Large rough packing-case outside opening* L. 1 E. *against packing—old hamper on it—Old fashioned gun in corner above opening* L. 1 E.*—book shelf hung on scene between opening* L. 1 E. *and window—inkstand and quill pen, old cigar boxes and other rubbish on book shelf. Small mirror on scene up stage end of book shelf—large wooden pipe rack with several briar pipes and two or three clays in it, hung on scene underneath bookcase.*

On dresser up C.*—Large deep-toned dinner bell on* L.*, brandy bottle with only one drink in it—and two small "poney" whiskey glasses—12 little coffee sacks—one of them open and filled with real coffee—the others with sawdust, of course. The coffee sacks should be stood up together, neatly on* R. *side of "dresser"—Magazine on one of the lower shelves* L. *Old-fashioned powder-flask hung on* R. *side of dresser—All sorts of old rubbish to fill up shelves—skins of animals hung on scene—one on scene just above lounge, tacked up lightly, so that* MRS. BATTERSON *can tear them down easily—also skin for same purpose tacked on scene between dresser and window.*

Scene decorated prettily with all sorts of tropical palms, orange, lemon, and peach branches

with fruit on them—also grapes on grape-vines and any kind of tropical flowers.
Four big armfuls of tropical branches with green on them for negroes to bring on—also two large bunches of bananas tied on one of the branches for BILLINGS *to pull off—Have strong string tied on stalk of banana bunches for* "FREDERICK" *to hang them on scene by.*

DISCOVERED.—*At rise:*
JOHNSON'S *man* FREDERICK *on table, which has been placed against scene below opening* L. 1 E. *for him to stand on (negro moves it back into its place later.)*

One negro down stage C. *kneeling over some green branches on floor—another negro over* R. *up stage watching proceeding—Negro on floor is sorting out branches to hang on walls.* FREDERICK *on table begins shouting ad. lib. before curtain rises at the two negroes who are to come on at rise from window, bringing in branches.*

AT RISE.—*Two negroes enter after curtain is well up from window having each an armful of green branches.—They come on slowly and stupidly and stand looking vacantly with branches in arms until* FREDERICK *tells them to put them down.*

MUSIC.—*Drops to pp. at rise and is kept up until* JOHNSON *enters.*

FREDERICK. (*spoken on table* L. *before rise*) Here! 'urry along there now you lazy swine! Bring that stuff in 'ere! Don't be all day about it! etc., etc. (*Curtain rises*) Come along now! this way! bring it in here—come now, get a move on ye, can't ye! (*to first negro, who has entered from window and stands holding his armful of branches*) What are

ye standing there looking at the floor for, ye silly looking swine? Put it down, will ye! (*to other negro who has entered from window and stands holding branches*) Who are you looking at? Who do you think you're looking at? put it down, can't ye? Now go and bring another lot in, will ye? (*they go off at window*) That lot goes over there! (*pointing to negro, who is discovered kneeling* C. *at rise, indicating him to take the green stuff beside him over* R.) Come, 'urry up now! we've got to get this room finished afore Mr. Johnson comes in. (*negro whom he has just spoken to takes branch of fruit, and going over* R. *with it gets up on tea chest below* R. 1 E. *and places it as high as he can on scene.* FREDERICK *has turned his back to him to hang a piece of green which he has in his hand on scene and finishes talking while doing it.*) If he should come in, and this room wasn't finished he'd raise the roof off the place. (*has fixed piece of green on scene, and turning at end of speech sees negro hanging green high up on scene* R. 1 E.) Not so high up, you fool! Come down off there, you blasted idiot. (*going over, pulling him down and taking green from him*) What do you think you look like up there anyhow? What do you think you look like? You silly looking "muggins." (*crossing him and going up to window*) If I don't get this done 'e'll go on terrible! It's all my life's worth!—Wonder I ain't dead and buried long ago! (*calling off to two negroes, who are coming on with bananas*) Here, bring that lot in here. Come 'urry up now, get a move on ye, can't ye? Move along now! Move along! I know they're 'eavy, but it can't be helped. (*negroes stand up* C. *with bananas which they have brought on*) Don't stand there 'olding 'em. (*yelling at them*) You block'eads—put 'em down, can't ye? (*they put*

them down and step on one side watching FREDERICK *decorate scene—in fact all through the scene negroes let* FREDERICK *do all the work and stand watching him while he bustles about, and the only time they move quickly is in the presence of* JOHNSON. *Taking up the bunch of bananas and hanging it on hook or nail between two small doors* R. C.) And he's expecting the girl he's going to marry on the steamer to-day, that's why he's so furious about having it done. (*coming down and getting other bunch of bananas, which he hangs on scene between lower smaller door and opening* R. 1 E.) Well I only 'ope after the wedding's over and 'e's all comfortable married and settled down like, it'll improve his temper! At any rate he might take it out of 'er instead o' me! (*going over* C. *and selecting branch of fruit and one branch of foliage, and getting over* R. *with them as if to hang them on scene*) I 'ope she makes a more genteeler mistress than 'e makes a genteel master! A pretty 'ard man that Mr. Johnson, I can tell ye! It was very different when Mr. Loundsberry was 'ere! 'E was always good tempered, he was!

(*Standing over* R. *During scene one negro has brought table from where* FREDERICK *has been standing on it and placed it between the chairs* L.)

(*Enter* JOHNSON *from window, negroes and* FREDERICK *have their backs turned and don't see* JOHNSON *enter.* JOHNSON *stands looking at them all a minute then cracks big rawhide whip that he carries to indicate for negroes to clear out; as he cracks whip some go off* R. *and others* L.—*some sneak off quietly, others hurry.* JOHNSON *goes over to dresser* C. *and pours out drink of brandy and drinks.* FREDERICK *stands trem-*

bling over R. *and after* JOHNSON *has drunk speaks very meekly, touching his hat to him—* FREDERICK *is only noisy to negroes; to everyone else very humble and respectful; of* JOHNSON *he is at all times mortally afraid.*)

FREDERICK. (*after* JOHNSON *drinks*) I beg pardon—did you speak, sir?

JOHNSON. (*gruff, hoarse tone*) Go on! (*putting bottle and glass down.* FREDERICK *stands looking at him. Louder*) Go on!

FREDERICK. (*goes quickly up to lower small door, and stands on stool nearby and starts hanging branch of fruit over door*) Yes, sir!

JOHNSON. (*coming to* FREDERICK *at door*) Don't stick these things there! Flowers want to go over doors. Don't you know anything! You'll be hanging the place with cabbages next!

FREDERICK. W'en Mr. Lounsberry was 'ere, sir, 'e used to——

JOHNSON. Shut up! (*pause.* FREDERICK *stops at once*) When I want to hear how Lounsberry did it, I'll let you know. (*after glare at* FREDERICK *a moment he turns and calls to negroes.* FREDERICK *gets down from stool and starts down* R. *to hang other piece of green that he has in his hand*) Come here, some of you! (*several negroes enter at window, showing some timidity in the presence of* JOHNSON. *To negroes*) Take this truck away! (*kicking a pile of fruit or branches, etc., that are laying* C. *towards them. Negroes grab up the stuff indicated, and hurry off at window with it.* JOHNSON *turns to* FREDERICK. *To* FREDERLCK) Don't put those things up there! (FREDERICK *is standing on tea-chest below opening* R. 1 E. *hanging green on scene*)

FREDERICK. Mr. Lounsberry, sir, 'e used to——

JOHNSON. (*near* FREDERICK) Look here? If you mention his name again I'll kick a lung out of you!

(JOHNSON *goes up to dresser, takes bottle and pours out all there is in it, which is only half a glass—looks at it—then turns angrily towards* FREDERICK, *who has got down from tea-chest, and stands trembling* R.)

JOHNSON. Who's been at this?

FREDERICK. I don't know, sir.

JOHNSON. This was full last night!

FREDERICK. Yes, sir—but, pardon me, sir—you've been to it yourself this morning several——

JOHNSON. That's enough. (*glares at* FREDERICK *an instant*) May be Lounsberry taught you to drink his—— (*stops with an idea in his mind, comes down to* FREDERICK) Look here! Who was it that was on this place before I was? (*pause a second*) What was his name,—eh?

FREDERICK. I—I——

JOHNSON. (*looks at* FREDERICK *an instant*) Go on!

FREDERICK. Really, sir, I—I've forgotten 'oo it was!

JOHNSON. (*half to himself, turning up*) Devilish close shave! (*as he gets up and sees them*) Have you cleaned out those rooms in there? (*indicating rooms up* R.)

FREDERICK. It won't take me a moment to sweep 'em out, sir!

JOHNSON. Well, you want to work! Do ye know it! The steamer gets in to-day.

FREDERICK. No fear, sir. I'll 'ave 'em ready! (JOHNSON *grunts. A knock at opening down* R. 1 E.) Who's there?

(*Enter* R. 1 E. *a* MESSENGER *from the city.*)

NOTE: *Not a uniformed messenger, but a man from telegraph office. He should be a white man, neatly dressed.*

MESSENGER. Good morning, sir.

JOHNSON. Well? (*nearly a surly grunt*)

MESSENGER. Message came in last night, sir—extra paid for immediate delivery.

JOHNSON. Where from?

MESSENGER. Havana, sir.

JOHNSON. What time will Havana boat get in?

MESSENGER. She's in now, sir.

JOHNSON. In. (*starting violently*)

MESSENGER. Yes, sir—early this morning.

JOHNSON. (*to* FREDERICK *harshly*) Clear out those rooms in there! (*calls off at window up* L.) Bring that mare around to the door. (*as he turns from window*) Damn it—I was going to meet Faddish and his daughter at the wharf! (*begins to hurry around*) Take this stuff away. (*kicking off some decorative stuff*) Get this room finished, do ye hear! (*looking around room at decorations*) She ought to like this! They don't see anything like this up in Canada. (*hurries about as if going*)

MESSENGER. But the message—shall I——

JOHNSON. (*stopping. Holding out hand*) Give it here!

MESSENGER. (*hesitating*) It's addressed to Mr. Lounsberry, and——

JOHNSON. (*burst of anger*) Well, what did you bring it here for? Can't you fools down there get it through your skulls that Lounsberry's sold out and gone! I own this place!

MESSENGER. But there was a special, sir, saying if Mr. Lounsberry wasn't there, to give it to the man in charge.

JOHNSON. What does the fool mean? Give it here! (*takes dispatch and tears it open*) I sent one back last week—they've sent up the same one. That's what they've done.

MESSENGER. No, sir—that dispatch—was from New York.

JOHNSON. Oh—this is Havana— (*reads rapidly —only takes a glance to do it—and turns with rising anger to messenger*) Who did this?

MESSENGER. (*alarmed at* JOHNSON'S *savage tone*) Sir——

JOHNSON. I'll make some of you cursed whelps down there jump out of your skins!

MESSENGER. But I don't know anything about——

JOHNSON. You don't know what's in it?

MESSENGER. No—no, sir!

JOHNSON. (*fling message on floor in violent rage*) Well, somebody does—and I'll find out who! (*goes toward* R. 1 E.—*calls off*) Here—don't hitch that mare! (*strides off at* R. 1 E. *talking in loud voice as he goes*) I'll give 'em all the fun they want before I'm through with 'em.

MESSENGER. 'E's in a terrible state! (FREDERICK *rushes over quickly after* JOHNSON'S *exit and picks up the dispatch which* JOHNSON *cast upon the floor*) What's upset him so?

FREDERICK. Why, this message 'ere signed "Gus Billings" (*reads*) "Dear Billy: If there's a man named Johnson on your place, put him in a well." (*both stand looking at one another in surprise*)

FREDERICK. I don't wonder that upset 'im.

MESSENGER. It wasn't anyone at the office. (*takes from* FREDERICK *and looks at it*) You see—that came through from Havana. (*starting*) I'd better get back to the office and tell them.

FREDERICK. You can make the short cut through the rice swamp.

MESSENGER. May be I can get there before he does. (*exit hurriedly at* R. 1 E. *with dispatch*)

FREDERICK. You'll 'ave to be quick about it if you do! (*seeing* MESSENGER *off* R.) That'll make him simply raving for a week—though may be she'll take his mind off it. (*hurriedly picking up some of*

green stuff on floor and going to window) Oh! If he came back an' the rooms warn't cleared up there wouldn't be enough of me left to bury! (*calls off window up* L. C.) Come in here some of you—come here! (*enter the four negroes at window*) Here, clear up this stuff. Hurry up now and chuck it over the fence. These rooms in here! They've got to be cleared out! Come, 'urry now. Two of ye go in there (*indicating lower room*) and take them brooms and sweep out under them there beds—now hurry up now and get in there and get to work! Don't be all day, you fools! (*etc.*)

(*They exit into rooms up* R. C. *followed by* FREDERICK, *who exits at upper door. Sound of* FREDERICK *talking and scolding until doors are closed. Pause. Knock at opening on* R. 1 E. *Pause.* BILLINGS *knocks outside window—pause*—BILLINGS *appears at window as if he had come around.* BILLINGS *is dressed in white duck—straw hat, russet shoes, with white umbrella up. He closes umbrella. Klocks, etc., in sight of audience. Then comes in and looks about as above.*)

BILLINGS. Hullo, Billy! Anybody at home! (*looks about. Starts toward door* L. 1 E. Stops—*seeing bucket of drinking water above table, and goes to it, bus., of sitting on table drinking leisurely, stopping once or twice and looking about. Goes down to door at* L. *and raps there on packing case with dipper*) Hullo! I say—Lounsberry! (*pause.* BILLINGS *glances about and soon starts toward door up* R. C. *with the idea of trying there—leaving dipper in bucket as he passes.* FREDERICK *rushes on from upper room and goes into lower room and comes right out again and rushes back into upper room.* BILLINGS *stands by table* L. *watching him curiously. After*

FREDERICK *has gone back into upper room*) He'll come out again in a minute! There's a chap trying to play "tag" with himself down here in the tropics.

FREDERICK. Now take those rugs out in the yard and knock the dirt out of 'em. Not this way. Go back, you fools! Go out the windows! (*enters, turns and suddenly stops by door on seeing* BILLINGS) Beg pardon, sir—I—— (BILLINGS *looks coolly at* FREDERICK) Did you want to see Mr. Johnson, sir?

BILLINGS. You've got a man named Johnson here, have you?

FREDERICK. Yes, sir. Was you looking for him?

BILLINGS. (*shaking head and strolling down a little*) No—I wasn't looking for him. (*turning to* FREDERICK, *who stands eyeing him curiously*) Say! is the proprietor of this—ranch—anywhere around?

FREDERICK. The proprietor, sir? Yes, sir, 'e's just gone down to the city. (*going down to* BILLINGS L. C.) I was wondering whether you wanted to see him—er——

BILLINGS. Yes, I do want to see him.

FREDERICK. The fact of it is, sir, 'e was expectin' some parties by the 'Avana steamer, sir——

BILLINGS. Oh—all right—then he got my dispatch. (*crosses* FREDERICK *to* R. C.)

FREDERICK. You, sir!

BILLINGS. Yes—cabled I'd be along. First I send him a dispatch from New York then I cabled him from Havana——

FREDERICK. Oh—yes, of course, sir! Very sorry 'e missed you, sir, but 'e'll be back in no time—(*going up to door up* R. C.) Your rooms—they're right in 'ere, sir——

BILLINGS. What's in there?

FREDERICK. Your rooms, sir!

BILLINGS. Well, let 'em stay there!

FREDERICK. (*coming down to* BILLINGS) They're not quite ready, sir, but it won't take a moment to sweep 'em out, sir! Did the—lady, sir— (*glancing about*) did she come up with you or——

BILLINGS. Oh, the ladies! No—I thought I'd come up alone first—left 'em on the steamer—asleep—Rather early, you know, when I—the ladies were very tired, you know—thought I'd let 'em sleep! Told the steward not to wake 'em up— (*aside*) Gave the steward ten dollars not to wake 'em up— (*sudden thought, looks at* FREDERICK, *pulls out money*) Say—got another horse?

FREDERICK. Lord! Yes, sir! As many as you like!

BILLINGS. (*gives* FREDERICK *a bill*) Jump on the fastest nag in the lot—and head him off. Don't let him wake up the ladies. I've got to see him first—or there'll be trouble. (*half aside*) Give the whole thing away.

FREDERICK. Yes, sir! But I don't know as——

BILLINGS. That's all right—I'll fix it with him! (*urging* FREDERICK *toward opening* L. 1 E.)

FREDERICK. Well, sir, if you say it's all right——

BILLINGS. Of course it is—he'd do anything for me.

FREDERICK. Then I'll try it, sir! (*rushes off at* L. 1 E.)

BILLINGS. (*calling off to* FREDERICK) Do you think you can do it?

FREDERICK. (*outside*) Yes, sir!

BILLINGS. Then do it! (*turns and lounges on table*) I hope he does it! By Jove, if Billy gets there first, I'd have to begin all over again. Well, I suppose I can do it. I've done it before. (*walking about stage*) Pretty nice place Billy's got here! What a lot of stuff he's got growing around the room! He must think he's in a conservatory or something.

Oranges and lemons—oh, no—they're nailed up, that's what it is— (*sudden thought*) By Jove! He's been decorating for us. (*going up*) Well, bless his heart! he was always a good fellow, Billy was— (*up stage getting cigar out*) Mighty nice place to stay down here! Pretty hot! but then it's hot in New York sometimes. (*lights cigar*) I remember it was quite warm just before I left. Lucky we had that week in Havana to rig up for this climate. I came away without a solitary thing! Had to make the ladies think another man's trunk was mine. Cost me ten dollars to the other man to keep him quiet. (*going down* R.) Well, if I'd known Billy was fixed up like this, I'd have come down before. I'll strike him about next winter—that's the time to hit these tropical places. These Northern winters are enough to drive a man to drink.

(BILLINGS *lays on lounge smoking. Noise outside of carriage wheels, carriage stopping, and trunk being taken off—pause, and negro enters* R. 1 E. *with trunk, singing to himself, he brings it on and sets it up stage* R.)

BILLINGS. By Jove! That's one of ours!

(MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *enter* R. 1 E. *Negro waits respectfully until they are on stage then exits* R. 1 E.)

MRS. BATTERSON. There he is! (*seeing* BILLINGS)

MRS. BILLINGS. So he is! What did you run away and leave us on that boat for, Augustus?

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes—I should like to know what it means?

BILLINGS. (*sitting upright on lounge*) Oh—nothing much. I thought I'd come on ahead and— (*motioning toward decorations and smoking quietly*) dress things up a little.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*going to her mother. Looking at decorations*) Why, mama, do see what he's done! (MRS. BATTERSON *looks about critically—and at* BILLINGS)

MRS. BILLINGS. Now you see—your suspicions were perfectly groundless!

MRS. BATTERSON. He did all that this morning, did he?

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, he couldn't have got here before! (*bus., embracing* BILLINGS) How good of you, Augustus! (*kisses him*)

BILLINGS. (C.) That's all right. Now you—just sit around—and enjoy yourselves a few minutes—rest—and drink water—and all that. Now there's no ceremony around here—make yourselves perfectly comfortable; do just as you like—if there's anything you see you don't want, why take it! or anything else you like—I shan't be gone a minute! (*going toward door* R. 1 E.) I got to catch Billy outside.

MRS. BILLINGS. Where are you going?

BILLINGS. Speak to one of the boys—rooms are right here— (*indicating rooms up* R. C.) Back in a jiff.

(*Exit* BILLINGS, R. 1 E. *A noise outside of heavy trunk banged down on porch.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. What was that, mama?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*looking* R. 1 E.) The men getting down our other trunk. Here! Bring them in! We don't want them left out there! (*negroes enter* R. 1 E.—*1st negro carrying trunk on his shoulder—negro who brought on first trunk walks last, singing to himself; as they pass ladies they take satchels, etc., from them which they have brought on—they all go towards room* R. C. MRS. BATTERSON *shows first negro where to put trunk, etc.*) They

are to go in here. (*holding door of room up* R. C. *open*) Don't knock against the wall. (*negro with trunk carries it into room; other negroes follow him in, singing and laughing*) Mercy! Look at them all clambering out of the window!

MRS. BILLINGS. (MRS. BATTERSON *at door,* MRS. BILLINGS L. C.) Isn't it pretty here, mama! I'm so glad we came! (*crossing over* R. MRS. BATTERSON *looks about for the first time. Soon sees the collection of tobacco pipes on the wall, between window and opening* L. 1 E.)

MRS. BATTERSON. Mercy on us!

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, what! (*looks about*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Pipes! Tobacco pipes! Did you ever!

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes—but what harm is there?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*interrupting*) Harm! I won't have such things about the house! Not while I'm here! (*seizes two or three clays which are in the pipe-rack and breaks them, throwing them on floor—then takes pipe-rack off wall preparatory to throwing it down*)

MRS. BILLINGS. I'm afraid he'll be very angry, mama!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*pauses in act of throwing down pipe-rack*) Who—that overseer! (MRS. BATTERSON *throws pipe-rack on floor above table* L. *Enter* BILLINGS *at* R. 1 E., *cigar in hand*)

BILLINGS. What broke?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*turning to* BILLINGS) Tobacco pipes broke! Your man had the wall perfectly covered with them. You know my feelings about such things. *Cigars are bad enough!*

BILLINGS. (*aside*) This'll give Billy a couple of fits. (BILLINGS *goes near to* MRS. BILLINGS)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*going toward door of room up* R. *nearest* C.) Now I'll look at our rooms.

BILLINGS. (*to* JENNIE, *down* R. C.) Say—don't let her go on like this—s—she'll wreck the whole *place.* (MRS. BATTERSON *opens door of room* R. C. *and goes in*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*to* BILLINGS) Yes, but what can we do?

BILLINGS. I do' know—Ask her where she thinks she is. (BILLINGS *goes* L. *and up to dresser, puts his hat down there*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, but what good will that do?

BILLINGS. Well, just ask her, for a flyer. (*goes up* C.)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming out of room up* R. C.) Why, I never saw such a place in all my life! Nothing on the floor—no chairs—no towels—beds as hard as rocks! (MRS. BATTERSON *glares at* BILLINGS, *up* C, *as if for some explanation*)

BILLINGS. (*quietly*) That's the way it is down in Cuba. (*going down and sitting on table*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Well, I don't care how it is in Cuba. (*going over to lounge and seizing robe off same and skin off wall nearby*) We're going to have a place to sleep. (*goes over to* BILLINGS *at table* L., *and shakes skin in his face*) Come and help me, dear! (*giving robe and skin to* MRS. BILLINGS, *who is* R. *of her. She turns then from* MRS. BILLINGS *and goes up and grabs rocking chair from window and skin on wall nearby—and drags them over to door up* R. C.) We'll try to make the place habitable at least. (MRS. BILLINGS *has taken robe into room* R. C. *and stands by door up* R. C.) Just look in there! (MRS. BILLINGS *looks into rooms*)

BILLINGS. (*takes a puff or two at cigar, watching bus.*) Say,—hold on a minute.

MRS. BILLINGS. Mercy!

MRS. BATTERSON. Did you ever see anything like it! (MRS. BATTERSON *comes down and pulls table*

cover off table and from under BILLINGS, *who is seated there—on word "man"*) But what could you expect when there's nobody but a man to look after things? (*goes up again*) This will go on over the mattress. We'd both better stay in here. (*indicating room up* R. C.) Come and help me fix up the bed. (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *exit together—dragging things, etc., in room up* R. C.)

BILLINGS. (*seated at table—as ladies exit*) Say! Hadn't you better leave us a rug or something? Say! You forgot to take the floor. When Billy gets back he won't recognize the place! (*going toward room ladies have gone into*) Say, look here ——(BILLINGS *shuts door of ladies' room when* FREDERICK *enters*)

(*Enter* FREDERICK *hurriedly from* R. 1 E.—*out of breath from riding; he runs across to extreme* L., *then turns and comes up to* BILLINGS C.)

FREDERICK. It's alright, sir; I caught up on him, sir—he didn't get there! I came on him just down the road a bit. Most unfortunate thing—his saddle-strap broke—and pitched 'im clean off 'is 'orse.

BILLINGS. Don't say!

FREDERICK. Yes, sir, and he told me to tell you he was coming right along.

BILLINGS. (*glances at door ladies went through*) All right—guess I'll go out and meet him—old friend, you know.

FREDERICK. Very well, sir.

BILLINGS. Ladies in there. Look out for 'em, will you? Make it all right with you. (BILLINGS *starts down towards door* R. 1 E. *Puts cigar in mouth*)

FREDERICK. Yes, sir; certainly, sir. (FREDERICK *following* BILLINGS *down*) When Mr. Johnson 'eard you'd got here, sir, he was quite put out.

BILLINGS. (BILLINGS, *who had started to go* R. 1 E., *stops and turns to* FREDERICK, *on his mentioning the name of* JOHNSON—*coolly takes cigar out of mouth and looks at* FREDERICK) Who? (*pause.* FREDERICK *and* BILLINGS *stare at one another a moment*)

FREDERICK. Mr. Johnson, sir. (*They again regard each other with interest*)

BILLINGS. (*coming to* FREDERICK) See here! You have been telling Johnson about this?

FREDERICK. Yes sir—wasn't that—— (*break*)

BILLINGS. (*leaving* FREDERICK *again*) What you want to tell him for? I don't see. (*puts cigar in mouth*)

FREDERICK. Was you—was you going to surprise him, sir?

BILLINGS. (*turns again and looks at* FREDERICK) Surprise who?

FREDERICK. Mr. Johnson, sir.

BILLINGS. (*removes cigar*) Say—who is Johnson, anyway?

FREDERICK. He—he's the owner, sir.

BILLINGS. (*looks at* FREDERICK *a moment*) Owner of what?

FREDERICK. The 'ole place, sir. I'm his man. (*slight pause.* BILLINGS *calmly regarding* FREDERICK)

BILLINGS. Where am I?

FREDERICK. You're 'ere, sir!

BILLINGS. Where's Billy Lounsberry?

FREDERICK. (*going to* BILLINGS) Mr. Lounsberry, sir? Oh, he was 'ere but he sold out to Mr. Johnson and went back to N'Orleans. (BILLINGS *looks steadily at* FREDERICK *a moment. Then tosses cigar away, may take a final puff at it first, and goes up to door up* R. *He knocks at door with vigor.* FRED-

ERICK *goes over quickly over* L., *regarding* BILLINGS *with wonder*)

BILLINGS. (*speaking against the door*) Come out, quick! (*goes quickly down to* FREDERICK, *getting money out. To* FREDERICK—*giving money*) Go and hitch up a team. We've got to strike a doctor.

FREDERICK. Doctor, sir! Is anybody——

BILLINGS. Anybody! Didn't you hear her scream just now?

FREDERICK. No, sir!

BILLINGS. If I don't get her there in twenty minutes she'll have another spasm. And then another and another. (*hurries* FREDERICK *up and off at window*)

FREDERICK. (*as he goes off at window*) Yes, sir! As soon as ever I can.

BILLINGS. (*as* FREDERICK *goes off*) That's right! Hurry now! Don't stop for anything.

(*Enter* MRS. BILLINGS *from room up* R. C. *followed by* MRS. BATTERSON.)

MRS. BILLINGS. What is the matter?

BILLINGS. (*standing holding on to chair* R. *of table* L., *swaying to and fro and feigning symptoms of yellow fever. Speaking in hollow, rattling voice*) Get your things—get your things! Get your things!

MRS. BILLINGS. Mercy— What is it?

BILLINGS. Don't—ask! (*with furtive gesture as if hand fell*) Have to go quick!!

MRS. BATTERSON AND MRS. BILLINGS. Go! What do you mean? Why! What is it? (*each speaks only a part of speech. Pause.* BILLINGS *sways.*) You are ill, Augustus! What is it?

BILLINGS. Fever!

LADIES. (BILLINGS *stands stiffly, rigidly. Sways a little*) Ah!

BILLINGS. Swamp! Full of deadly microbes. Had a touch last time. Feel it coming now. Second time fatal! (*stands as if dizzy—sways—holds on to chair*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Fever!

MRS. BILLINGS. (*standing a little away from* BILLINGS *in sudden alarm*) Oh, Augustus, you don't mean—*yellow*——

BILLINGS. No, some other color—just as bad——

MRS. BATTERSON. Why, he *looks* perfectly well!

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes—you do, Augustus!

BILLINGS. That's the way it is—look well, but turn black afterwards.

(*Goes with difficulty down and sits first on chair* R. *of table, then on table, then on chair* L. *of table—moving from each as if in great pain—and finally sits on table*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*going quickly to* BILLINGS—*turns anxiously to* MRS. BATTERSON, *who is* R. C.) Oh, mama! He is ill!

MRS. BATTERSON. It's all imagination. (*going up* C.)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh, I hope so! Don't you think it's imagination, Augustus?

BILLINGS. (*dreamily*) Yes — imagination—— (*murmurs*) Let me throw it off— (BILLINGS *leaves table and goes feebly over with* MRS. BILLINGS—*they walk up and down* C. BILLINGS *finally collapses* C. MRS. BILLINGS *catches him on* R. MRS. BATTERSON *rushes down in time to support him*) Throw it off! (*collapses* C.)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! (*cry of alarm*) He is ill! (*bus.*) He is, mama!

MRS. BATTERSON. Here. Help him to that lounge. (*they help* BILLINGS *to lounge, his legs going every which way*)

BILLINGS. (*murmuring as he stands before lounge*) Legs—nossing but legs—gave out—cut 'em off—be all right in the morning. Ha, ha, ha! Throw it off. (*with spasmodic wave of arms—collapses on to lounge. Hysterical and gaspy laughter*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! Can we do anything for you?

BILLINGS. Wa'er—wasser—— (*violent motions toward water bucket*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Mama! Water! Quick!

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes! *yes!* (*hurriedly gets dipper of water from bucket by table* L. BILLINGS *seizes it—gurgles and blows it all about in tremulous avidity*)

MRS. BILLINGS. We must get him away—oh we must!

MRS. BATTERSON. Why didn't he tell us about that swamp before? Come—help me—I've got all the things out of the trunks! (MRS. BATTERSON *hurries into room up* R. C., *taking dipper with her*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*hurrying*) Yes. Do you want anything, Augustus?

BILLINGS. Take me away! Take me away! Let me die in Yonkers! Yonkers! (BILLINGS *doesn't lie on lounge, but sits in a weakly sort of way. Rattles in throat*) Yonkers! Yonkers!

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, darling! You shall die in Yonkers!! Yes, lie still! Oh, dear!

(*Exit into room up* R. C.)

(*Sound of* JOHNSON'S *heavy step outside* L. BILLINGS *gets quickly up on noise outside and darts to door of room up* R. *where* MRS. BILLINGS *went off.* JOHNSON *stalks in door down* L. *just as* BILLINGS *goes to door up* R. BILLINGS *turns quickly—both stand regarding each other*)

BILLINGS (*turning and speaking back through door in rapid stride to ladies*) Don't come out! There's a doctor here!

(BILLINGS *quickly turn to* JOHNSON, *with careless and jovial expression.* JOHNSON *stands by table* L., *extending his hand to* BILLINGS)

JOHNSON. Say! My name is Johnson!

BILLINGS. How are you? (BILLINGS *comes down and shakes hands with* JOHNSON) Heard of you before. (*glances around behind*)

JOHNSON. Heard of me! (*looks at* BILLINGS *an instant*) I should say so!

BILLINGS. (*turning again to* JOHNSON) Fact is, Mr. Johnson, there is a little mis——

JOHNSON. (*interrupting*) *Heard of*—— (BILLINGS *breaks off and stands observing him.* JOHNSON *bursts into boisterous laugh*) Haw! Haw! Haw! You're one of those funny men!

BILLINGS. Yes, of course. Glad you look at it that way.

JOHNSON. Cursed luck—missed getting down to meet you—when I've been counting on that steamer for six months.

BILLINGS. Six months, eh? Well, you got about nineteen weeks ahead of me!

JOHNSON. What do you mean? (*slight pause.* BILLINGS *and* JOHNSON *looking at one another*) Damnation, *Faddish,* wasn't it all fixed up last January that you'd bring her down the first of June?

BILLINGS. Of course, old boy. (*aside*) Great Scott!! this is Faddish's Johnson.

JOHNSON. Yes, sir-ee. I've been counting on that steamer for six months. In there, ain't she? (*urging* BILLINGS *toward door up* R. C.)

BILLINGS. Say—look here——

JOHNSON. Haw! haw! haw! (*trying to get toward doors up* R.) Come! Lemme see her.

BILLINGS. Hold on a minute. (BILLINGS *prevents him from passing, and they both get over above table* L. *near pipe-rack on door*) See here, old man, there's a little mistake about this. My name isn't—— (JOHNSON *suddenly notices the wreckage of his pipes on the floor*)

JOHNSON. (*yell of rage*)

BILLINGS. —my name isn't——

JOHNSON. (*points at debris. Gasping with rage.*) Who did that? Who did it?

BILLINGS. Sorry and all that—but when she sees pipes they simply give her fits—and——

JOHNSON. *She!* Fits! I—— (*thinks—begins to soften down*) Oh—e—she——

BILLINGS. (*nods*) That's the idea. Judas Iscariot! I can't tell him now—he'd wipe up the floor with me. (BILLINGS *moves up near door up* R., *as if to keep ladies from hearing*)

JOHNSON. Ugh! (*controls himself—pulls at his collar*) If she did it—let it go!

BILLINGS. Yes—nothing else to do, is there?

JOHNSON. Ugh! (*starting toward door up* R. C.) Now I'll see her, if you please!

BILLINGS. (*bringing* JOHNSON *down* L. *again*) Say—hold on—fact is the ladies are dressing—and—

JOHNSON. Ladies! How many have you got in there?

BILLINGS. Only got two.

JOHNSON. Two! Who's the other one?

BILLINGS. My wife, of course—and——

JOHNSON. (*loud bellow*) Wife! What the—— (BILLINGS *regards* JOHNSON *watchfully*) Your brother told me you was a widower! I was guaranteed—by Cain—that her mother was dead and buried.

BILLINGS. Who guaranteed that?

JOHNSON. Your brother.

BILLINGS. Well, you'd better see him about that!

JOHNSON. Well, (*crossing over* R.) I won't have that girl's mother about the place. What you've got to do is to git 'er away from here.

BILLINGS. (*entering right into it with sympathy*) Of course! I'd feel just that way myself. Your man out there's hitching up a rig just for that purpose. You keep quiet, now, old man. I'm right with you in all this! (*enter* MRS. BATTERSON *door up* R. BILLINGS *sees her out of corner of his eye. Quickly getting* JOHNSON *over to down* L.) Yes, of course— (*taking* JOHNSON *toward left*) I know my pulse is bad, but that's the way it was before. (JOHNSON *stops at left, and stands looking at* MRS. BATTERSON, BILLINGS *unable to move him further*)

JOHNSON. (*seeing* MRS. BATTERSON) There's your wife. Where's the girl? (MRS. BILLINGS *enters from same room. Seeing her*) There she is! There she is! (*gradual change in* JOHNSON'S *face. His dull, ugly look gives place to a pleased expression, going into a rigid grin*) I'll just—— (*starting as if to cross to* MRS. BILLINGS)

BILLINGS. (*stopping him almost before he starts*) No—no—wouldn't do at all—she's so timid.

(NOTE.—*Ladies have stopped an instant, standing looking at* BILLINGS *and* JOHNSON)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*coming down to* BILLINGS L. C.) Oh, you're better, Augustus, aren't you? (JOHNSON *watches* MRS. BILLINGS *with broad grin, and sparkling eyes*)

BILLINGS. (*quickly taking* MRS. BILLINGS *up stage again*) Over the first one all right—may get off before the next.

JOHNSON. She's fine—ha, ha! She's A. 1 (*going up,* BILLINGS *leaves* MRS. BILLINGS, *meets him, brings him down again*)

BILLINGS. Glad you like her old man—but don't let her see it at the start.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*coming down to* BILLINGS) Yes! but what did the doctor say?

BILLINGS. (*taking her up again*) He didn't say!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming to* BILLINGS) But I'd like to know why we——

BILLINGS. (*urging her up to room* R. C. *and politely handing her into room*) Tell you some other time. Have the carriage here in one minute—wait in there! Doctor wants to be alone. He wants to think—you know doctors think in Cuba!

(*While* BILLINGS *is seeing* MRS. BATTERSON *off,* JOHNSON *gradually sidles up stage toward* MRS. BILLINGS. *She backs away from him, and* BILLINGS *passes her into room, and turning meets* JOHNSON *and brings him down* L.)

BILLINGS. (*to* JOHNSON) See here now! Don't go on like this—you're beginning all wrong. If you go on this way you'll break up the whole thing. I'm going out to get that team, and I'll be back in one minute and then I'll tell you just what to do—if you do the wrong thing we're lost and the whole thing goes up. You've been thrown off a horse, haven't you?

JOHNSON. Yes.

BILLINGS. Well, then, sit down. (*urging him to chair* L. *of table* R.) You can sit down, can't you? (JOHNSON *sits*) That's right, sit down. Sit there, now—keep quiet—I'll be back in one minute—if you speak to her now she'll faint dead away. Do you know what to do when a lady faints? Well, don't

do it—now keep quiet. (*goes up to window*) This is getting to be a corker. (*exits at window*)

JOHNSON. (*seated*) What's the matter with him? Why don't he want me to speak to her? Timid, eh? Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, no wonder. She's a beauty! I didn't think she'd look like that.

(MRS. BILLINGS *comes on from room up* R. C. *with satchel which she places down near head of lounge, then goes back to room again and speaks off to her mother.* JOHNSON *regards her from table with longing eyes—she sees him looking at her.*)

JOHNSON. What is she doing?

(*Seeing* MRS. BILLINGS *bringing on satchel, etc. When* MRS. BILLINGS *speaks off to her mother* JOHNSON *rises, goes up above table and begins arranging tie, hair, etc., at glass on wall near bookshelf, grinning all over his face with satisfaction at the prospect.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*speaking off*) Are you nearly ready, mama? He'll be here in a moment. (JOHNSON *goes quickly up to glass*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*appearing at door up* R.) I think it's a shame to hurry us away like this!

MRS. BILLINGS. (*a glance at* JOHNSON) Oh—I don't care—it's too hot here for me. (*going* R. *a little—crosses to* R. *of her mother*)

JOHNSON. (*going toward* MRS. BILLINGS) No, no! Not you! (MRS. BILLINGS *steps back surprised, not a start, but quiet, retiring while looking at* JOHNSON. MRS. BATTERSON *looks at him from doorway up* R. *An instant's pause*) You're going to stay right here. (*nears dresser* C.)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*steps forward between* MRS. BILLINGS *and* JOHNSON. *After slight pause for*

tableau. They are all well up stage) Do you suppose, sir, that I would go away and leave my daughter in this place? (*moment's surprise on* JOHNSON'S *part*)

JOHNSON. O, well then, you *needn't* go! We can get along!

MRS. BATTERSON. I don't understand you, sir. (*dignified*)

JOHNSON. I won't lay it up against you! The pipes are broken and gone. (*turning to pipe-rack on floor and picking up some of the pipes*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*after a moment's pause, to* MRS. BILLINGS) What is the man talking about?

MRS. BILLINGS. (*to* MRS. BATTERSON) I'm sure I don't know.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*crossing* MRS. BILLINGS *to* R. 1 E.) Come! We'll wait on the piazza—it's very close here. (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *start toward* R. 1 E.)

JOHNSON. (*going toward them a little*) Hold on now! You ain't taking her off! Understand that! (LADIES *draw up in indigation before him*)

MRS. BATTERSON. What do you mean, sir? You are ridiculous! You—we—we don't know you, sir.

JOHNSON. Don't know me.

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. No! (LADIES *turn away haughtily*)

JOHNSON. Ugh! I see—you don't know. Ha, ha, ha. (*deep chuckle*) Ha, ha. I'm—e—(*slight hesitation*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*to* JOHNSON *severely*) That is quite sufficient, sir. (*turning away—they are both going*)

JOHNSON. No— wait now—my name's Johnson.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*under breath*) W—h—what!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*looks at him an instant*) Oh! So you are Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON. Yes, ma'am—ha, ha! I'm the one! (*chuckles as he looks at* MRS. BILLINGS)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*cold severity*) I have heard about you, Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON. Heard about me! Well I should say so! Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*approaches* MRS. BILLINGS) Ha, ha! (*holds out hand*) How dy do! (MRS. BILLINGS *frightened after a cold look at* JOHNSON, *backs up stage* R. C. JOHNSON *follows her up*) Why, you're not frightened of me are you? (MRS. BATTERSON *has looked at this bus. too astonished to speak*) Ha, ha! (*comes down towards* MRS. BATTERSON) She's too durned shy. Ha, ha! But she'll get over it. You've raised Cain around here—(*pointing to pipe-rack*) but we'll let it all go—on her account. (*holds out hand to* MRS. BATTERSON) Welcome to the Columbia!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*recovering speech*) No, sir! That is going a little too far—for one in your position.

JOHNSON. (*standing aghast*) Eh!

MRS. BATTERSON. And let me add, sir, for one of your character! (JOHNSON *stands motionless an instant overwhelmed with astonishment*)

JOHNSON. Say—I'd like to know—(*stop an instant choking with rage*)

MRS. BATTERSON. It is only for the sake of some one else, sir, that I do not publicly expose you.

JOHNSON. (*choking and gagging with rising anger*) Expose me! Exp—I—look here. You be a little careful or I'll—(MRS. BILLINGS *who has been up stage a little comes down between them*—MRS. BATTERSON *goes up*) Or I'll—No—I—(*bus. of calming down as he faces* MRS. BILLINGS. *Goes toward* MRS. BILLINGS *a step or two, grinning at her. To* MRS. BILLINGS) I won't mind her—eh? If

you say so, eh? Ha, ha! (*he grins and chucks her under the chin.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Mama! (*drawing away instinctively keeping her eyes on him*) Mama!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming between them and advancing on* JOHNSON *fiercely*) Stop it, sir! What do you mean by it? (JOHNSON, *down* L. *is stopped by sudden vehemence of* MRS. BATTERSON *and stands surprised. Both ladies stand an instant looking indignantly at him*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*turning to* MRS. BILLINGS *as if to ignore* JOHNSON *altogether*) Is your trunk ready?

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes, mama—all but shutting it.

MRS. BATTERSON. Well go and shut it. (MRS. BILLINGS *starts—goes up*)

JOHNSON. See here now, you ain't——

MRS. BATTERSON. Silence, sir! (MRS. BILLINGS *takes corner to* L., *stops and looks around on this passage, but starts again toward door—sees little sacks of coffee on dresser up* C.)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*stopping and looking at sacks*) Oh—what's this! See mama! (*holds up two of the little bags*) A whole lot of little bags!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*turning to* MRS. BILLINGS *from* R. C., JOHNSON *is* L. C.) Yes, quite pretty.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*down* L. C.) What do you suppose they are? (*bringing them down to* MRS. BATTERSON)

JOHNSON. (*stepping forward*) That's coffee, ma'am—very choice—(*the ladies listen without turning to* JOHNSON, *a little mollified by his manner of speaking*) Out of a five hundred acre crop, we get only a dozen little sacks like that! (MRS. BILLINGS *smells of it*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! (*rapturously*) Isn't it perfectly delicious! Just smell of it, mama! (MRS. BATTERSON *takes it—about to smell*)

JOHNSON. (*roughly good-natured, softened by appreciation ladies show of his coffee*) Yes, go on and smell! You never struck a brand—(MRS. BATTERSON *pauses in act of raising sack to her nose and gives* JOHNSON *a look—He stops, she then smells of the coffee leisurely*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Quite remarkable!

JOHNSON. Every berry selected, ma'am. Money couldn't buy coffee like that!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*paying no attention to* JOHNSON) We will take some of this home with us.

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh yes. (*going up*) (*they go up hurriedly begin to gather up the bags.* JOHNSON *stands dumbfounded.* MRS. BILLINGS *starts toward door up* R. *with sacks of coffee*). (MRS. BILLINGS *takes coffee into room* R. C.)

MRS. BATTERSON. We can take them all, I think —there's room in the tray of my bonnet-box.

JOHNSON. (*stepping forward*) See here! That coffee——

MRS. BATTERSON. (*turning and facing* JOHNSON, *speaks with severity, with two of the bags in her hand*) That will do, sir. (JOHNSON *stops*) When we want further information about this coffee, we will let you know. (JOHNSON *takes stage* L. MRS. BILLINGS *has stopped in doorway when* JOHNSON *spoke and looked around. Now goes off at door up* R. C., *leaves coffee sacks and immediately returns to* MRS. BATTERSON *who is still facing* JOHNSON)

(JOHNSON *takes stage* L. MRS. BILLINGS *takes sacks from* MRS. BATTERSON *who keeps her stern gaze on* JOHNSON)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*to* MRS. BILLINGS *while still looking at* JOHNSON) Put these in my bonnet box.

(*looking at* JOHNSON. MRS. BATTERSON *now lets up on* JOHNSON)

JOHNSON. (*recovering himself and breaking out savagely*) (*going to her*) Say that coffee belongs here.

MRS. BATTERSON. What business is it of yours, sir! (MRS. BILLINGS *re-enters*)

JOHNSON. Business! Business! (*choking with rage, but naturally. Not overdone*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, *business!* Perhaps you don't know who we are.

JOHNSON. I don't care who you are! I'll show you whether——

MRS. BILLINGS. (*coming forward quickly*) Oh, mama; don't make him angry—he's dreadful! (*comes down—turns to* JOHNSON, *who is up a little* L. C.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*goes up to dresser*) We only thought, Mr. Johnson—they were such pretty little packages, and such remarkable coffee—we'd like to have a few for our friends in Yonkers. (JOHNSON *stares at her, his anger gradually melting away*) They'd think so much of it, you see! (MRS. BILLINGS *a little frightened*)

JOHNSON. (*aside to himself partly, as he looks at her most admiringly*) She's glorious—she—ha, ha!——

MRS. BILLINGS. (*hurriedly—seeing* JOHNSON *beginning to look sweet again*) Do you mind it so very much?

JOHNSON. (*rousing from his dream of bliss*) Mind it. No, no, why should I—when everything I've got is yours! (*going to* MRS. BILLINGS *as if to put arms around her waist*) We two—we two, eh?

MRS. BILLINGS. (*retiring again over toward* R. *before* JOHNSON'S *glances, keeping her eyes on him, but turning appealingly toward* MRS. BATTERSON *as he comes near her*) Mama—why, look at him.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming down between them and stamping foot*) Stop it, sir. (JOHNSON *goes away*) I won't have it.

JOHNSON. (*turning on* MRS. BATTERSON, *takes stage and back quietly, thoroughly tired of her interference*) Look here—what's the matter with you?

MRS. BATTERSON. I'd like to know what's the matter with you, sir!

JOHNSON. (*going right up to her*) I'll show you—d—d quick! Go on much worse and I'll have you thrown off the place. (MRS. BILLINGS *looking on in anxious alarm from* R. C. MRS. BATTERSON *is* C.)

MRS. BATTERSON. You dare to address such language to me, sir.

JOHNSON. (*crossing, walks away a little with ejaculation of disgust then crosses right over to* MRS. BILLINGS) What do you have her here for? Send her away. We can't get along. There's no trouble about us.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming between them again. Bus.* JOHNSON *going down* L.) Stop it, sir, you're a depraved and wicked man. (JOHNSON *down* L. *again*) I've heard of your disgraceful intrigues. That Long Branch affair—Scandalous!

(*Every time* MRS. BATTERSON *comes in between them* JOHNSON *takes stage with disgusted expression.*)

JOHNSON. What's that?

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh yes. And the innocent girl you are expecting to marry. Came down on the very same steamer with us.

JOHNSON. Damnation. Do you s'pose I thought she came down on another? (*taking stage down* L. *utterly disgusted*) She must be a gibbering idiot. They told me she was dead. (*turns suddenly and goes to* MRS. BATTERSON) Look here. They told me you was dead. It's a damn swindle. (*paces about*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*hotly*) Stop this profanity.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*remonstrating*) Oh—mama. (*not for any regard for* JOHNSON, *but fearing his temper will break all bounds*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Mr. Billings shall hear of this!

JOHNSON. (*stopping* L. C. *in his feverish stalking about and looking at* MRS. BATTERSON) Who?

MRS. BATTERSON. And one thing more——

MRS. BILLINGS. (*to* MRS. BATTERSON) Oh do stop!

JOHNSON. (*recovering speech*) Let her go on; Let her go on!

MRS. BATTERSON. In the first place, regarding your staying here.

JOHNSON. (*savage irony*) Yes, what about that?

MRS. BATTERSON. We were just going away—but I shall certainly stay long enough to have your business attended to.

JOHNSON. (*blazing mad*) Ah! (JOHNSON'S *eyes roam wildly about*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh do stop, mama.

JOHNSON. (*savage irony*) Let her go on. (*turning to* MRS. BATTERSON) What about my staying here.

MRS. BATTERSON. Mr. Billings will attend to that, sir.

JOHNSON. (*roars it out*) Billings.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes—Billings.

JOHNSON. You send Billings to me—and I'll plug him so full of lead he'll be worth a dollar a pound.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*subdued cry of alarm*) Oh!

JOHNSON. Show me Billings—(*down front*) Bring him around where I can break a jaw out of him.

DATHIS. Ladies!

(JOHNSON *is raging around at left* C. *Ladies are at* R. C. *and they are involuntarily retiring up a little on this last violent outbreak.*)

(*Enter at* R. 1 E. DATHIS *with satchel and pair of fencing foils, red and breathless from rapid walking in hot sun. He stops near door.*)

JOHNSON. (*hand on hip pocket, roaring it out*) Is that Billings?

MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON. Oh—etc. (JOHNSON *speaks through this. They show anxiety*) (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS, *partly to* JOHNSON) Oh, no. (JOHNSON *turns away with a grunt*)

MRS. BATTERSON. No—it's a friend of ours.

MRS. BILLINGS. We met him on the steamer.

JOHNSON. (*taking hand away and sort of going down—sort of growl of assent*) Oh. (JOHNSON *glares contemptuously at* DATHIS)

DATHIS. (*bows*) It is the right place, I think.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*slight misgiving and anxiety*) Oh, yes—this is— (*slight gasp and glance at* JOHNSON)—the place.

JOHNSON. (*loud voice*) What does he want?

MRS. BILLINGS. (*aside to* MRS. BATTERSON) Mama! He must not know—who that is—yet. (*indicating* JOHNSON)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*aside to* MRS. BILLINGS) No—not now.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*aside to* MRS. BATTERSON) Wait till Augustus comes back!

JOHNSON. What does he want, I say!

MRS. BILLINGS. We invited him to come!

MRS. BATTERSON. He—he came here to inquire —how we did——

DATHIS. (*advancing quickly over to* JOHNSON L.) No, no. Zthat ees a mistake! (*crosses to* JOHNSON) If you *must* know. I came in search for some one.

JOHNSON. (*facing* DATHIS) Who?

DATHIS. (*eyes fixed on* JOHNSON) Tell me zhis if you please! Are you zhe overseer of zhis plantation?

JOHNSON. Not by a—— (*turning from him and going down* L.)

DATHIS. (*following him down*) Zhat is just as well for you! (*ladies stand up* R. C. *quite alarmed*)

JOHNSON. (*turning on him*) If I was—what of it—eh?

DATHIS. If you was heem—why zhen I would ask you for somezing.

JOHNSON. (*in his face*) Well, you go on and ask it. Maybe I can get it for you. (*the two glare at each other a moment.* DATHIS *suddenly turns and goes up to ladies*)

DATHIS. (*to ladies*) That is not zhe man—no —zhat is not heem—eh?

MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON. (*to* DATHIS) Oh no! No indeed.

DATHIS. Aloes! (*shrug*) I will not waste my time. (*while* DATHIS *converses with ladies,* JOHNSON *glares at him in a heavy rage*) If I could be permitted to bathe ze face and hands, Madam——

MRS. BATTERSON. Certainly—you shall have this room, Mr. Dathis. Right next to ours. (*leading way to door up* R. *on* R. *of their own room*)

DATHIS. I shall excuse myself for one moment. (*Exit into room*)

JOHNSON. (*starting forward*) Here. (JOHNSON *has watched this scene in amazement. Ladies turn quickly. Starting forward*) Here, that's *my* room.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*intercepting him*) We require it for the use of our guest! You'll have to find some other place to stay. (*Exit into her room up* R. C. *in stately dignity, followed by* MRS. BILLINGS)

JOHNSON. (*makes start toward door where* MRS. BATTERSON *went*) Say, look here! Do you think I'm going to—— (MRS. BILLINGS *slams door violently in his face.* JOHNSON *stands an instant facing door that shut in his face*)

(*Enter* BILLINGS *hurriedly from window, goes to* JOHNSON *up* R. C.)

BILLINGS. Say, look here, old man—niggers out there won't give me a team unless you tell 'em. Can't you— (*looks at* JOHNSON, *who turns toward him trying to speak*) Anything gone wrong?

JOHNSON. (*gasping with rage, and pointing to door where Frenchman has gone, trying to speak but his rage is too great for words*)

BILLINGS. Speak right out. I can stand anything.

JOHNSON. (*raging and growling it out*) A cursed French idiot——(*pointing to* DATHIS' *room*)

BILLINGS. Say—you want to look out for that chap—he's a terror.

JOHNSON. Look here you (*stops before* BILLINGS *and shakes his fist at his head*) If you wasn't Faddish—if you wasn't her father—I'd——

BILLINGS (*grabbing* JOHNSON'S *uplifted fist and shaking hands vigorously with him*) course you would— (*hustling him over to window*) —but as it is, we're right in together. Now, look here, old

man, you hurry up and get me that team, and I'll have her out of here in one minute. (*hustles* JOHNSON *off at window*)

JOHNSON. Team, what team?

BILLINGS. Why, to get the old woman out of here.

JOHNSON. (*hurries off*) Yes, I'll get you the team.

(*Noises of people on veranda outside* R. BILLINGS *turns to go* R. *to see what it is. Enter* MR. FADDISH *and* LEONORA, *followed by* MACKINTOSH *at* R. 1 E. *They are very tired and dusty. They carry baggage and parcels of various descriptions.*

(BILLINGS *goes across to meet the* FADDISH *party without delay.*)

BILLINGS. Ah—how do you do—got here, didn't you? Yes—so I see—of course. (FADDISHES *murmur greetings to* BILLINGS *and bus. of shaking hands warmly through early part of his speech. He goes right on, favoring this bus. but not allowing them to start in*) So sorry you had all this trouble for nothing. (FADDISHES *look at* BILLINGS *astonished.*)

LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH. Nothing!

BILLINGS. Yes—he isn't here.

FADDISH. What? Dear me.

LEONORA. There, papa.

BILLINGS. Said he was going to meet some one at the steamer——

FADDISH. Why, he means——

BILLINGS. (*urging them all the time to door* R. 1 E.) Perhaps he does—never thought of that! Left word he'd be at the hotel all the morning, and told his man to go out and order him a first-class parson and a dozen on ice.

FADDISH. Parson! On ice!! Dear me—why we'd better——

BILLINGS. Might be just as well—awfully sorry to lose you—but perhaps you'll drop around some other time—Good-bye! (*bus. of getting them all toward door* R.) I'd send you down in a carriage, but all the horses are out plowing coffee—good-bye! good-bye!

FADDISH. (*rattled*) But—dear me—you don't suppose.

BILLINGS. Must say it looks like it. Good-bye. (*still urging them till they are nearly off at door* R. 1 E. FADDISH *nervously*)

FADDISH. Come! Come, my dear. (*about to depart*)

LEONORA. Papa! I simply can't go another step! (*leaves others and drops on lounge*)

MACKINTOSH. Oh! (*coming to* LEONORA *on lounge and standing above her*) She's so tired!

BILLINGS. How sad it all is——

FADDISH. We can't wait a minute! Not a minute. (*at back of lounge*)

BILLINGS. (*shaking hands warmly with* FADDISH *across lounge*) Can't you! That's too bad! But if you must be off——

LEONORA. If I could—only have a little something—to keep my strength up!

BILLINGS. Yes, of course. (*gag*) Then you could go, couldn't you? I'll get you something. (*hurries about looking—gets a pan of raw potatoes from dresser up centre and brings it down. Offering* LEONORA *potatoes*) Here, try this, not very nice but it's all right on the inside.

LEONORA. But I don't like raw potatoes.

BILLINGS. How did that occur? (MACKINTOSH) Here, won't you try half a dozen raw? (MACKINTOSH *refuses it*) Here, you'll have a raw (*to* FADDISH. FADDISH *refuses it.* BILLINGS *goes up to dresser and looks around for something eatable.*)

FADDISH. But we can't waste time.

MACKINTOSH. You will kill her, sir!

FADDISH. That will do!

LEONORA. (*sadly but hastily*) Isn't there some coffee or something?

BILLINGS. There's something—but there isn't any coffee. Here! Wait a minute—— (*goes up to dresser and brings down little sack of coffee, which must be left there for this bus. by ladies in earlier part of scene; it is open ready for bus.*) Here's some coffee! Just dug this morning. Put some in your pocket and chew it on the way. (*giving* LEONORA *a handful of it*) Here, I want you just to try the flavor of it. (*puts some in* FADDISH'S *mouth then turns to* MACKINTOSH) Here, won't you try a little of this coffee, etc, etc.

FADDISH. (*turning about and moving round nervously*) Oh—thank you—you're very kind.

BILLINGS. Nothing at all—it's the way we do in Cuba. Good-bye.

(*Business of urging them off as he shakes hands. Enter* JOHNSON *suddenly from window. He stops dead on seeing the crowd. All stop an instant and look at* JOHNSON)

JOHNSON. (*loud voice*) Who are you? What do you want? Who are they, I say?

BILLINGS. (*moving quickly near* JOHNSON) You see——

JOHNSON. (*pushing past* BILLINGS) What did you come for—eh?

FADDISH. We came—to see Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON. Well, I'm Johnson! What is it?

FADDISH, LEONORA, MACKINTOSH. (*astonishment*) What! Oh! (etc.) (*exclamation in unison*)

FADDISH. Why we came, you know—about the—the marriage!

JOHNSON. *My* marriage!

FADDISH. Why yes! We—e——

JOHNSON. What in the devil's name have you got to do with it?

BILLINGS. (*letting* JOHNSON *down—coming around between* JOHNSON *and* FADDISH) 'S all right, old chap—sort of poor relatives of ours—and——

JOHNSON. (*loud voice*) Relatives! Send 'em back home! Get 'em out of here! (*down* L.)

BILLINGS. (*turns cheerfully on* FADDISH—*who has been meekly waiting and watching scene. To* FADDISH) Well, you see how it is. He says you've got to go——

FADDISH. Why—there must be—some mistake.

BILLINGS. That's what it is. He says you're the wrong party.

JOHNSON. (*to* BILLINGS) Look here, Faddish!

FADDISH. (*about to answer*) Yes, sir—I——

BILLINGS. (*coolly stopping* FADDISH) Wait a minute—I'd better see what he wants. (*glides quickly to* JOHNSON)

JOHNSON. Did your old catamaran bring that lot down here?

BILLINGS. Believe she did—as a favor to you, old man. (*hand on* JOHNSON'S *shoulder*)

JOHNSON. Eh?

BILLINGS Thought you'd need more help around the house. (JOHNSON *stares at* BILLINGS *unable to speak*) Hang it, my boy—niggers can't do everything—you ought to know that.

JOHNSON. (*slightly mollified*) Oh! (*looks at* FADDISH *crowd*) Can they work?

BILLINGS. Like dogs. All they want is discipline and you're just the man to give it 'em, we heard about you. But there's one thing. Whatever you do, don't let 'em talk.

JOHNSON. (*bus. shaking hands*) I'll look out for that. (*looks at* FADDISHES. BILLINGS *retires up a little.* JOHNSON *swaggers over to* C.)

FADDISH. (*going to* JOHNSON) If there's any mistake, sir——

JOHNSON. Shut up! (FADDISH *stops astonished*) When I want you to talk I'll let you know. Now, as you are relatives of my future wife—you can stop here awhile. But I ain't going to have a lot of idlers sitting down on me! No, sir—you've got to work if you stay on this place—that's settled!

FADDISH, LEONORA, MACKINTOSH. (*astonished*) Eh? Work—(*etc.*) (*they exchange glances of surprise*)

JOHNSON. I *said* work, didn't I?

FADDISH. But, my dear friend, you don't——

JOHNSON. Shut up! You're too cursed familiar —that's what you are!

MACKINTOSH. (*throwing down package and crossing over to* JOHNSON) Listen to *me,* sir.

JOHNSON. (*turning*) Eh! What's this?

MACKINTOSH. I am *not* a relative——

JOHNSON. Well, what are you?

MACKINTOSH. Sir—(*standing bravely forth*) I —love the poor girl who is betrothed to you—whose life you——

JOHNSON. (*gasp of astonishment*) What! (*looks at* BILLINGS)

BILLINGS. Has "wheels in his head." (BILLINGS *turns away and walks around near table*)

MACKINTOSH. I love her, sir, and she loves me.

JOHNSON. (*bursting with laughter*) Loves you!

LEONORA. Yes, yes, she does.

FADDISH. Stop, I say!

MACKINTOSH. I will not stop! And I appeal to you, sir—I appeal to you as a man—as a brother.

FADDISH. (*crossing to* JOHNSON) Don't mind him, sir. It's all right between us. (*bus. poking* JOHNSON *in the stomach. Going back to* LEONORA R.)

JOHNSON. (*backing to near table*) Well, this is pretty cool, by Cain.

BILLINGS. (*over* L.) Yes, it's the coolest thing I ever saw! But he's a mere boy—a stripling! You're not going to mind a stripling, are you?

JOHNSON. (*going* C.) Well, look here, you young stripling or whatever you are you can work with the rest—or get out—do you hear? That'll do now. I've heard enough. (MACKINTOSH *goes over to other side of* LEONORA *extreme* R. *To all* FADDISH'S *party*) Now, come! What are you good for? What can you do? Eh?

FADDISH, LEONORA, MACKINTOSH. What! Good for? Why, mercy! He isn't going to——

JOHNSON. How are you on your pins? (*to* FADDISH)

FADDISH. Pins, sir?

JOHNSON. I said pins, didn't I? Come, walk around a little—let me see you walk. (FADDISH *starts walking in a circle down* L.) Heigh! Did you hear that— (*going to* FADDISH *and starting him round*) I said, walk! That's it! Faster! Faster! Move along now. You, too— (*to* LEONORA, *who starts and follows* FADDISH *around*) All of ye! (*to* MACKINTOSH, *who also starts off. Going to* BILLINGS *who is seated on table* L.) What's the old man's name?

BILLINGS. Blodgett!

JOHNSON. (*turning to* FADDISH) Move along there, Blodgett—(*to* LEONORA) Hold your chin up, will ye! (*to* MACKINTOSH) What's the matter with you?

(FADDISH *party walking. At same time show that they are completely mystified, and alarmed*)

JOHNSON. (*to* BILLINGS) A cursed poor lot—that's what they are! See 'em walk, will ye!

BILLINGS. Yes—of course—but there might be something else they could do better.

(JOHNSON *and* BILLINGS *talk. Enter* MRS. BILLINGS *from room followed by* MRS. BATTERSON. *They see* FADDISH *party walking, and after an instant's pause, go right down to them*)

MRS. BILLINGS, MRS. BATTERSON. (*going to* FADDISH, LEONORA, MACKINTOSH) Oh, how de do! You got here, didn't you? *Why, what ARE YOU DOING?*

FADDISH. Oh, yes! Good morning.

MACKINTOSH. We don't understand this at all.

LEONORA. Isn't it dreadful?

(*They all stop walking,* LEONORA *nearest the centre of the stage*)

JOHNSON. (*suddenly seeing they have stopped walking*) Go on there, walk. I didn't tell ye to stop.

(*The* FADDISH *party at once begin to walk around as before.* JOHNSON *drinks,* MRS. BILLINGS *joins* LEONORA *as she walks around, asking her ad lib. for an explanation—then goes over to* BILLINGS *at table*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Dear me. What are they doing, Augustus?

BILLINGS. Walking. (MRS. BILLINGS *leaves* BILLINGS *and goes up again*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming to* BILLINGS) What for—pray?

BILLINGS. See whether they'll do or not.

MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON. Mercy!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*suddenly indignant*) Well, I should like to know why he is doing it here—in our house.

BILLINGS That's all right—let them have it for an hour or so. (MRS. BATTERSON *joins* MRS. BILLINGS *again*)

FADDISH. (*going over to* BILLINGS, *keeping feet going all the time like a treadmill*) Would you please tell me—what he means by this?

BILLINGS. Nothing at all—'s way they do in Cuba.

(FADDISH *goes* R. *again and falls in with others walking.* JOHNSON *comes down* C. *and to* L. JOHNSON'S *eyes are fixed on* MRS. BILLINGS)

LEONORA. OH, I'm so tired!

MRS. BILLINGS. What a perfect shame! (*goes* C. *to* JOHNSON *who is* L. C.) Mr. Johnson, I beg you to let them rest.

JOHNSON. You ask me that—you——

MRS. BILLINGS. Why are you so cruel?

JOHNSON. Cruel! Ah, no—it is you who are cruel, since you do not let me speak one word of love!

(MRS. BATTERSON *starting with astonishment, looks at* JOHNSON. FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *stop walking and look at* JOHNSON)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*as she retreats from* JOHNSON) What do you mean, sir?

JOHNSON. I mean that for you— (*going to take* MRS. BILLINGS *round waist*) Light of my soul!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*quickly going between* JOHNSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS) Stop it, sir!

JOHNSON. (*going down* L., *turning on her*) Ain't I going to say what I like to her?

FADDISH. (*to* JOHNSON) Not—not before my daughter, sir!

JOHNSON. Your daughter! What the devil—HERE! I'll show you whether——

(JOHNSON *goes quickly and seizes* MRS. BILLINGS C. *and before anyone can stop him, forcibly kisses her on* L. *side of face.* MRS. BILLINGS *screams.* BILLINGS *instantly cuffs* JOHNSON *across the head from up* L. *At same instant* MRS. BILLINGS *backs quickly to* MRS. BATTERSON, *who holds her—her head turned so she looks sideways at* JOHNSON. MRS. BATTERSON *holding* MRS. BILLINGS *glares at* JOHNSON. LEONORA *clings to* FADDISH. MACKINTOSH *stands looking from* R. JOHNSON *glaring at* BILLINGS. BILLINGS *coolly regarding* JOHNSON. *Tableau an instant. When* BILLINGS *strikes* JOHNSON, *MUSIC ff., drop immediately to pp. and kept up till cue.*)

BILLINGS. 'S going a little too far, my boy.

(*Enter* DATHIS *door up stage* R. C.)

JOHNSON. (*recovering speech, and breaking out, and about to draw revolver on* BILLINGS) By Cain, I'll make you pay for this. (*to* BILLINGS)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*seeing* JOHNSON *about to draw pistol, throws herself between them and stands in front of* BILLINGS *to shield him*) Ah! Mr. Johnson!! (*to* JOHNSON)

DATHIS. (*down quickly to* R. *side of* JOHNSON) Ah! Johnson! (DATHIS *slaps* JOHNSON *a ringing blow across back of neck.* JOHNSON *turns on him.* DATHIS *crosses round in front to* L. *of him.*) You will perhaps consent to fight wiz me!

JOHNSON. Fight! Fight! The man who strikes me has got to pay for it right here!

(*Draws revolver. MUSIC ff. till end.* MACKINTOSH *grabs him around neck from in front.* FADDISH, LEONORA *and others hold on to arm that has the pistol. They drag him up toward lounge. He breaks away down stage. All*

rush down and drag him back. As they reach lounge second time FADDISH *jumps up on it and holds him round neck.* BILLINGS *and* DATHIS *remain over* L.)

TABLEAU—CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Same as Act II. Supposed to be very early morning; have red sunrise effect at window and opening* R. 1 E., *change to white when* DATHIS *enters.*

PROPERTIES.—*Same as Act II. except chair under bookshelf* L. *Stool over* L. *above opening* L. 1 E. *water bucket moved from behind table and placed in corner above* L. 1 E. *Chair over at head of lounge in place of stool. A full brandy bottle on dresser. White robe on lounge as at opening Act II. MUSIC pp. and die away at rise.*

DISCOVERED.—FREDERICK *looking off at opening* R. 1 E.

(*Enter* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *from their room up* R.)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*going* L. C.) Mercy! Did you ever pass such a night?

MRS. BILLINGS. (R. C.) Do you think they've fought yet?

MRS. BATTERSON. What time is it?

MRS. BILLINGS. (*looks at watch*) After seven—Augustus went out—oh—before sunrise. It seems perfect ages. (MRS. BATTERSON *sees* FREDERICK *at door down* R.)

MRS. BATTERSON. There's Frederick.

FREDERICK. (*turning*) Yes, mum.

MRS. BATTERSON. Can you see anything of them?

FREDERICK. No, mum—not anything at all, mum. (MRS. BILLINGS *listening eagerly to* FREDERICK'S *words*)

MRS. BATTERSON. You haven't heard a—a——

FREDERICK. No firin's took place, mum—I'm sure I'd 'ave 'eard if it 'ad. (*pause. Ladies look around shudderingly.* MRS. BATTERSON *sits* R. *of table*)

MRS. BILLINGS. We couldn't stay in our room. (*sits at foot of lounge*) They might bring one of them back all—all mutilated—and dreadful.

FREDERICK. So they might, miss. (*still looking off*)

MRS. BILLINGS. And—you know—our window opens right——

FREDERICK. So it does, miss.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*after a short pause*) Which—which do you think will—will be——

FREDERICK. (*quickly turning to her*) Now don't you be alarmed, miss! You ain't agoin' to lose 'im! (MRS. BILLINGS *simply looks at* FREDERICK *in astonishment*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*after a short pause of surprise*) To whom do you refer?

FREDERICK. Mr. Johnson, mum. Oh, 'e can take care of 'imself. She ain't no cause to feel oneasy.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*cold firmness*) I should regret to have either of the gentlemen injured, but if one of them must necessarily suffer, I should certainly prefer it to be Mr. Johnson.

FREDERICK. (*after blankly surprised look goes off to* MRS. BATTERSON *at table*) Then—then I suppose, mum, you'd like to break it off.

MRS. BATTERSON. Break what off?

FREDERICK. The marriage, mum.

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh—as for that—it hardly concerns me—but of course the poor girl would never be happy with such a man—never.

FREDERICK. 'E is pretty 'ard, mum, an' I know it—there's few as knows it better—indeed I—I was —a—thinkin' of telling you so—but it would 'ardly do for me.

MRS. BATTERSON. Why there's no reason why you should say anything to us about it—you ought to speak to the girl herself.

FREDERICK. (*pause*) Yes, mum; if you say so, mum. (*goes over to* MRS. BILLINGS. *Pause*) Really, miss, I didn't quite know as how it was my place to speak to you about this!

MRS. BILLINGS. About what?

FREDERICK. About Mr. Johnson, being such a 'ard man, miss.

MRS. BILLINGS. Anyone can see that! no necessity for you mentioning it to me!

FREDERICK. (*somewhat bewildered*) Yes, miss. (*goes* C. *and addresses* MRS. BATTERSON) I suppose I'm extraordinary selfish—for I'd 'ate to 'ave Mr. Johnson knocked under as it ud throw me out of a place. That's pretty mean, I know—but we must all look out for ourselves, mum.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*sympathizingly*) Why yes—that would be too bad.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*good-hearted*) We like you, Frederick—you seem honest and faithful—and I'll say this much, that if anything happens to Mr. Johnson, we'll keep you right on here just the same.

(FREDERICK *looks at* MRS. BATTERSON *blankly*)

FREDERICK. (*as if not knowing what he said*) Th—thank you, mum. I—I'll just go an' see 'ow those new people is doin' (*goes toward opening* L. 1 E. *in a dazed manner as if doubting whether the ladies*

were sane. No comicalities in this, however; make it perfectly serious and natural)

MRS. BATTERSON. Frederick. (*rising and going* C. FREDERICK *stops and turns*)

FREDERICK. Yes'm.

MRS. BATTERSON. Do you know where our shoes were put?

FREDERICK. Yes, mum, cert'n'ly. (*turns and speaks off* L. 1 E.) 'Ere, I soay—ain't the ladies' shoes done yet?

FADDISH. (*outside* L.) Yes—yes.

FREDERICK. Well, bring 'em 'ere, you bloke. (*to* MRS. BATTERSON) 'E'll 'ave 'em for you in just a moment, mum. Everything's so upset with all this fighting an'——

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh—it's quite excusable.

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes—quite.

(*Enter old* MR. FADDISH *hurriedly* L. *with ladies' white shoes—blacking brush, etc. He enters, not expecting to see the ladies here.* FREDERICK *goes up and looks off at window*)

FADDISH. (*as he enters*) I'm sure I can't remember which—oh—good morning.

(*TABLEAU.* FADDISH *in shirt-sleeves, standing with shoes, brush, etc. Ladies are astonished*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Is it possible—that you——

FADDISH. Yes—dear me—it's most annoying, isn't it?

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, I never heard of such a thing.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*indignation rising*) It's outrageous.

(*Enter* LEONORA *with broom and dustpan*)

LEONORA. I don't know where to——(*seeing* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. FREDERICK *comes down* L.) Oh! (*stops embarrassed.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *look at* LEONORA *in amazement. Enter* MACKINTOSH *with towels, etc., and a large pan or pot which he has been wiping*)

MACKINTOSH. (*to* LEONORA) Here it is, my darling, in the—— (*stops on seeing ladies and stands*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*turning angrily on* FREDERICK *who has come* L. *of* MACKINTOSH) What does this mean?

FREDERICK. (*alarmed*) What mean, mum?

MRS. BATTERSON. Making them do such things as this.

FREDERICK. I—I was ordered to, mum.

MRS. BATTERSON. Ordered to! Ordered—(*overcome with anger*) —e—Do you know who owns this place?

FREDERICK. Yes, mum. It was him as told me to do it.

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. What! (MRS. BATTERSON *looks at* MRS. BILLINGS)

MRS. BILLINGS. My husband—told you. (*coming* C.)

FREDERICK. Well—yes, mum—I spose you could call him that, it's so near.

MRS. BILLINGS. What! Augustus.

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh, it's very likely.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*to* FREDERICK, *sternly*) Did Mr. Billings order you to do this?

FREDERICK. Mr. Billings, mum.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*almost violently*) Yes, Mr. Billings.

FREDERICK. No, mum. (*shaking head*)

ALL. Ah!

FREDERICK. It was Mr. Johnson, mum.

MRS. BILLINGS. Of course it was. (*they all group together* C. *talking ad lib. till* MRS. BILLINGS' *next line.* FREDERICK *goes over back of them and looks off* R. 1 E.) I knew there was some mistake. Augustus would never do such a thing. (*they break up group and fall back to old positions in a line.* MACKINTOSH, LEONORA, FADDISH, MRS. BATTERSON, MRS. BILLINGS)

LEONORA. I do hope the French gentleman will kill that dreadful man—even if he is your overseer.

MRS. BATTERSON. We hope so too.

LEONORA. Oh, do you?

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh dear—it seems so dreadful to have anybody killed.

FREDERICK. (*who is looking off* R. 1 E. *without turning round, signals with left hand to others to be quiet*) Sh! Sh! (*all turn heads together and look off* L. 1 E.)

FREDERICK. (*turning to them*) I think I see something, mum. (*turns head quickly and looks off* R. 1 E. *again. Others all turn heads quickly and look towards* FREDERICK. *Pause.* FREDERICK *turns to them again*) Can I look out of your window, mum?

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, yes, go right in. (FREDERICK *turns up into room up* R. C. MRS. BATTERSON *follows up toward door.* MRS. BILLINGS *timidly follows at a little distance*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Mama. (MRS. BATTERSON *turns*) Are you—going to look at them?

MRS. BATTERSON. There's no need of our looking out—if we don't want to—(*EXIT into room up* R. C. MACKINTOSH *has gone up to window to look off*)

MRS. BILLINGS. *Yes — but — (hesitates — looks around room*) Mama! I don't think I want to! (*EXIT into room up* R. C.)

FADDISH. (*to* LEONORA) Wait here! I will see which is—(*hesitates a moment*)

LEONORA Yes—go and see.

FADDISH. Yes, yes. (*EXIT* L. *Slight pause*)

LEONORA. (*stands absently with broom—dustpan, etc., her eyes on vacancy.* MACKINTOSH *with dish-wash bus.—after a few seconds, goes towards her*)

MACKINTOSH. Darling!

LEONORA. Oh, Harry—(*burying her face on his bosom*) (*Raising her face*) Harry, I can't have you stay here doing these menial things—I can't bear to see you so humiliated. You must go. I ask you to, Harry, I ask it.

MACKINTOSH. (*striking picture with dishpan and cloth, which he has in his hand all the time*) I am going to stay with you up to the very end.

LEONORA. Oh, Harry. (*laugh, head on his bosom again*)

MACKINTOSH. We mustn't give up hope!

LEONORA. (*looking up*) There can't be any hope. It's the other one that's killed. I feel it. (FREDERICK *rushes on from door up* R. C. LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *turn to him*)

FREDERICK. They're coming back!

LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH. Who!

FREDERICK. (*rushing across*) Mr. Johnson and all of them. (*EXIT* L. 1 E.)

LEONORA. (*after* FREDERICK *has gone off*) Oh, there's no hope! Yesterday he sent word to a Notary to come here early this morning. Papa heard him.

MACKINTOSH. This morning!

LEONORA. Yes.

MACKINTOSH. I'll fight the fellow! That's what I'll do!

LEONORA. Oh, it would be suicide! He'd kill you you, Harry, he would!

MACKINTOSH. Let him do it! That's better than to be alive and know that you are here—with *him!*

LEONORA. Oh no, Harry, it would be simply murder!

MACKINTOSH. Not if he fights fair, and I'll see that he does. He won't pay any attention to what I say. I'll write it! (LEONORA *stands back in despair*) I'll write him a challenge. (*throws down dustpan and cloth and looks about*) Here's some ink! (*brings ink down on table*) If I can only find some paper. Where do they keep it? (*looking on shelves of dresser up* C.) Do you see anything I can write on?

LEONORA. (*both at dresser up* C. LEONORA R. *and* MACKINTOSH L.) Oh no! Don't do it, Harry, don't don't. (*clings to him,* LEONORA *puts dustpan and brush down on dresser*)

MACKINTOSH. (*pushing her aside*) I'm going to —you needn't try to stop me! He thinks because I am from Canada he can treat me as a dog! He'll find that "dogs from Canada" have teeth! If I had him on a football field with my double grip around that bull-neck of his—I'd twist the life out of him! He wouldn't be anywhere! (*going up again to dresser*)

LEONORA. Oh, but he'll have a knife or a pistol.

MACKINTOSH. I don't care what he has! Here, I must have something to write on. (*rips off cuff*) This will do! He'll know I mean business when he sees this. (*goes to table and writes,* LEONORA *follows over a little and stands* R. *of him*) (*Seated* R. *of table*) (*Writing on cuff*) "Joseph Johnson, Esq. . . Hereby challenge you . . . fight to a finish . ."

LEONORA. Oh!

MACKINTOSH. "Satisfaction of a gentleman . . . whatever weapon you please to name . . . arrange details . . . with the gentleman who" (*stops suddenly*) Who can I get? I must *have* some friend! (*turns to* LEONORA) Can't you think of someone?

LEONORA. Mr. . . .

LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH. (*together*) Billings.

MACKINTOSH. He'll act for me! I'm sure of it! (*hastily finishes letter*) There! He's got to pay some attention to that! If he doesn't I'll brand him as a coward! (*rises*)

LEONORA. Oh, don't you brand him, Harry! Let Mr. Billings do that too!

MACKINTOSH. I'm the one to do it. Not Billings!

LEONORA. (*getting hold of cuff*) I'm not going to let you do this!

MACKINTOSH. It's too late now!

LEONORA. (*trying to get cuff away from him*) No! It's not too late.

MACKINTOSH. Don't you interfere!

LEONORA. You shan't do this until we've tried everything else.

MACKINTOSH. There's nothing else to try!

LEONORA. Yes, there is—perhaps Mr. Billings can help us some other way.

MACKINTOSH. What can he do?

LEONORA. Oh, I don't know—but this Johnson is his overseer—and he has such influence. Oh, I'm sure he could do something! Promise to see him first—We'll ask him—we'll tell him how it is,—if that fails, then you may *send* the challenge. Promise me this, Harry! Promise! (*clinging to him*)

MACKINTOSH. Well—I'll see him—but after that——

LEONORA. After that if there's no other way, you can send it!

MACKINTOSH. (*emphatically*) There *is* no other way.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*entering quickly from door up* R. C. *and speaking*) They're coming back.

MRS. BATTERSON. (*following* MRS. BILLINGS *on*) And Mr. Johnson isn't with them! (*when ladies enter* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *turn and see them quickly then go over to* L. C. *and watch scene anxiously*)

LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH (*with sudden hope at hearing* JOHNSON *is not with them*) Oh! (LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *instinctively take each other's hands without knowing it or looking at one another*)

MRS. BILLINGS. But Augustus, Mama. Where can he be? I'm afraid something has happened to him.

ALL. Why did he want to act as second to that dreadful man? (*under breaths*) Oh—no—no (*etc.*)

ENTER DATHIS, *window up left, excitedly, in shirt-sleeves and with foil in hand. He starts across stage as he enters as if to go to his room* R. *Stops up* C. *when* MRS. BATTERSON *addresses him.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Mr. Dathis. (DATHIS *stops up* C. *and turns.* MRS. BILLINGS R. *of him a little down stage.* MRS. BATTERSON L. *of him.* MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA L.) Tell us—what——

DATHIS. (*in a violent temper—turns to ladies*) I have been *deceived*! All was ready! I win ze toss for choice of arms—I choose ze sword—Ze rapiers were raised so—(*gets into position for duel*) The word to come! En garde, monsieur! (*strikes attitude of fight*) Your husband—(*to* MRS. BILLINGS *as though it were her fault*) called to desist—He would see ze photograph. We look. Zis man Johnson was not ze same. But he said it was nossing. He would be ze same. I said ver well—eef you wish. En garde, monsieur. Your husband. (*to* MRS. BILLINGS *again. She backs away each time as he points sword*

at her) zen ask zis man when he was in New York ze last time. He said not at all—at any time! Zhen your husband said it could not be ze man. But zis man Johnson is a liar—yes—for he zen would make eet out zat he was in New York at whatevair time we please to say. But zhe doctor said no he was here at zhat time—zhe fight could not go on. Very well! It seems I have come to zhis place for nossing. (*starts toward opening at* R. 1 E. *and exits*)

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*following* DATHIS *off and expostulating ad lib.*) But—Mr. Dathis. Why, how could we know, etc., etc.

DATHIS. (*outside.* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *stand silent looking after* DATHIS *and* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. *Enter* FREDERICK *suddenly at* L. 1 E.)

FREDERICK. Here, I say he's right here. (*running over to* R. *as he enters and speaks*)

LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH. Who?

FREDERICK. Get to work 'e'll go on awful!

(MACKINTOSH *hastens to opening* L. LEONORA *runs up to dresser and gets dustpan and brush which she has left there during previous scene with* MACKINTOSH. *Then hastily joins* MACKINTOSH *at opening* L. 1 E. FREDERICK *follows her over trying to urge them off.*)

LEONORA. (*as she goes over to* L.) Isn't it a perfect shame!

MACKINTOSH. I won't stand it!

LEONORA. (*just as they go out*) No, no, Henry! You'll only make it worse! (*EXIT* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH L.)

FREDERICK. (*as he goes off after them*) Come! 'Urry now! 'Es right 'ere! (*EXIT* L. *Short pause. Sound of heavy steps on veranda up* L. C.)

(*ENTER* JOHNSON *at window up* L. C. *stalking noisily on, in a blind sort of rage. ENTER* BILLINGS, *following closely after* JOHNSON *up* L. C. *He goes at once to packing case by dresser up* C. *and hops easily up sitting on it, pushes hat back as if to get more air, and sits keeping an eye on* JOHNSON, *who paces savagely and blindly about the room.* JOHNSON *strides about, fuming, blaspheming to himself—half aloud, but not so that it will be distinctly heard*) (BILLINGS *bus. of getting cigar ready to light*) (JOHNSON *now breaks forth audibly*)

JOHNSON. So! I ain't the man it seems! (*over* R. C.) (*Looks angrily at* BILLINGS, *who bites end of cigar*) You heard him say that!

BILLINGS. That's right! That's what he said.

JOHNSON. He looks at a photograph (*which he takes out of his pocket, the same top half* DATHIS *uses*) and finds I'm not the man! Why didn't he look at it before?

BILLINGS. Give it up!

JOHNSON. I'll tell you this! Somebody's been playing me a low down blackguardly trick.

BILLINGS. Sure.

JOHNSON. (*violently*) Passing himself off as me —that's what he's been doing! And I'll—(*ENTER* DATHIS R. *followed by* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *still trying to calm him*)

DATHIS. I prefer not to talk about it. (*accent on the pre.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *pause in the doorway, looking anxiously at* DATHIS *and* JOHNSON. DATHIS *sees* JOHNSON *and walks directly towards him. Both men stand and glare at each other, down* L.)

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh! Are they going to fight?

BILLINGS. (*enjoying cigar*) Looks like it.

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh dear! I don't want to see it!

BILLINGS. You haven't got to stay!

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh dear! Dreadful.

MRS. BILLINGS. Come, mamma.

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, yes! (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *hurry into their own room up* R. C.)

DATHIS. Zhe photograph—which was not you. You will will now be so good to return eet to me?

JOHNSON. Will I?

DATHIS. Zthat ees mine! (*crossing excitedly over to* R. C. *and both speaking up to* BILLINGS *on packing case*) You took it from me—you hand eet to hem—he now keeps it.

JOHNSON. *Do you want to fight me for it?*

DATHIS. (*angrily—hissed out between his teeth*) Eef you should be zthe man who betray me I v-would fight—whatever you should be! But for nossing else v-would I stoop so low to fight wisth zthe *overseer* of a plantation.

JOHNSON. (*low savage tone*) What's that?

DATHIS. An' eef zthis gentleman should take my advice, he would no longer retain such an eensolent canaille on hees place!

JOHNSON. (*boiling with rage*) Whose place?

DATHIS. Hees place! You can understand me—no?

JOHNSON. What do you mean? What—(*chokes*) This is my place. Do ye hear?

DATHIS. (*appealing to* BILLINGS) He says before you zhat zhis place belong to him.

(BILLINGS *regards* DATHIS *calmly from his perch on the chest or table.*)

JOHNSON. You crazy fool—where do you think you are?

DATHIS. (*violently going up to* BILLINGS) Is not zhis plantation yours?

BILLINGS. (*shaking head—speaks as if a matter of course*) No. (*Innocently, looking at* DATHIS *with quiet surprise that he should suggest such a thing*)

DATHIS. Eet is not! Eet is not!

BILLINGS. Say—what's the matter with you, anyway.

(DATHIS *stands thunderstruck.* JOHNSON *looks at* DATHIS *a moment with the utmost contempt, and then begins half audible voice, almost too excited to speak.*)

JOHNSON. (*bus.*) What the—where the—oh. (*bus.*) I'll let him know whose place it is. (*Staggers up to window*) This is getting too devilish strong for my blood. (*and he strides off at window in such a manner as to give the impression that he is not going anywhere in particular—but raving around generally.* DATHIS *stands motionless still.* BILLINGS *calmly regarding him while he smokes, then reaches for a magazine on dresser and reads it.*)

DATHIS. (*suddenly coming to himself, glares at* BILLINGS) What ees zthis? (BILLINGS *looks up from paper and regards* DATHIS *pleasantly*) This place belong to him! And I have been sleeping—undair his roof.

BILLINGS. Looks like it—if you slept. (*reads paper*)

DATHIS. Sacraman bleu! (*goes quickly down to* L. *of table*) This ees more than I—(*turns and sees ladies enter*)

(*Enter* MRS. BATTERSON—*followed by* MRS. BILLINGS *from their room, looking in rather timidly. They see that* JOHNSON *is gone, and come on, looking questioningly at* BILLINGS, *and uncertainly at* DATHIS.)

DATHIS. (*seeing ladies, addresses them standing* L. *of table*) (You shall pardon me—I ask you to explain zhis thing! (*ladies stand startled—retiring slightly before* DATHIS *excited on set*) Since from you I am told the place belongs to heem! (*pointing at* BILLINGS, *who is reading*)

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. Explain—I—I don't——

DATHIS. (*hurrying excitedly on*) Zthe place is *not* hees—it belongs to that fellow Johnson!

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*greatly surprised*) Belongs to—why what do you mean?

DATHIS. (*excitedly*) Zhat is eet! Zhat is eet!

MRS. BILLINGS. Augustus. Do you hear that?

(MRS. BILLINGS *is next to* BILLINGS *during scene. All look toward* BILLINGS. BILLINGS *is finishing a sentence and does not look up.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. He says—you don't own this place.

(BILLINGS *after an instant's pause to finish article, looks up and at the others inquiringly.*)

BILLINGS. Says what!

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, that this place here—this whole place—belongs to Mr. Johnson.

BILLINGS. That's right. (MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *draw in their breaths in surprise making a gaspy exclamation*)

BILLINGS. Sold it to him last night. (BILLINGS *now puts away paper—sits calmly smoking, and pleasantly regarding the others*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Sold it?

MRS. BILLINGS. Sold it?

DATHIS. (*excitedly approaching* BILLINGS) Eet seems to me, sir—I—(*stops, too indignant to speak—turns to go off*) I shall find out who is to blame for zhis! Whoever eet ees—it will not be well for heem!

(*Exit near window.* MRS. BATTERSON *stands looking at* BILLINGS *in astonishment and indignation.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*to* BILLINGS) Why, what are we—are you going to take us home, Augustus?

BILLINGS. Take you anywhere you say.

MRS. BILLINGS. Mercy! How soon do we have to start?

BILLINGS. (*looks at watch*) Half an hour.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*going toward their door up* R. C.) Dear me—I'll have to pack up some—(*break*) Come, mama—we'll barely have time to——

(*Exit* MRS. BILLINGS *hurriedly up* R. C. MRS. BATTERSON *goes to* BILLINGS *and glares at him, in silence an instant.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. I regard this as a most singular proceeding, Mr. Billings.

BILLINGS. That's all right.

MRS. BATTERSON. I am not so sure that it is all right! (*marches off at doorway up* R. C. *As she goes*) You seem to have lost your senses—that's what I think about it. (*etc. slams door shut after her*)

(*Enter* JOHNSON *at window up left. He comes plunging into the room as though he had just remembered something.*)

JOHNSON. (*threatening to* BILLINGS, *who is still seated up* C.) Here! You. Faddish! (BILLINGS *gazes at* JOHNSON *calmly and pleasantly*) He wasn't the only one! You struck me, by Cain! You struck me here before the whole crowd of them?

BILLINGS. Yes. You don't want to forget that either.

JOHNSON. (*shaking his fist in* BILLINGS' *face*) Forget it—look here you! I don't care whose father you are! You're goin' to settle with me for that!

BILLINGS. See here, Johnson—if you kiss my wife again I'll smack you across the head again—don't make any mistake about that!

JOHNSON. What are you talking about?

BILLINGS. Talking about smashing you across the s—skull—not very pleasant—but have to talk about these things once in a while you know.

JOHNSON. Kissed your wife!

BILLINGS. That's what I said.

JOHNSON. It's a cursed lie!

BILLINGS. Lie! What do you mean?

JOHNSON. Who says I kissed her? Who says so?

BILLINGS. I say so.

JOHNSON. Well, I say you don't know what you're talking about. (*taking stage* R.)

BILLINGS. All right!

JOHNSON. You ain't able to prove it!

BILLINGS. Think not? Who was in the room at the time?

JOHNSON. They was all in here—(*goes to* L. 1 E. *and calls off*) Come in here you! Yes, you! Come here!

(*Enter* FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH—*with work as before, and with some trepidation. They stand in line near door.*)

JOHNSON. (*roughly*) *He* says I kissed his wife here—yesterday. (*looks at* FADDISH *party.* FADDISH *party looks blankly at him*) You know well enough it's a cursed lie—it was his daughter I kissed!

FADDISH. Oh no—(*shakes head*) You—you—(LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *shake heads*)

JOHNSON. Well—what!

FADDISH. I'm—I'm very sorry, sir,—but you—you did!

JOHNSON. (*stops thunderstruck, looks at* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH) His wife!

(JOHNSON *stands an instant glaring at* FADDISH *party.* FADDISH *blinking at him meekly,* LEONORA *looking at him with hatred and defiance—yet not too pronounced to be natural. She is timid at the same time.* MACKINTOSH *also looks with bitterness at* JOHNSON, *and stands as if almost ready to challenge him to combat.* JOHNSON *brief pause. Suddenly turns up and strides toward door up* R. C.)

JOHNSON. (*as he starts*) Here! I'll soon settle this. (*knocks violently at door up* R. C.)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*from inside*) Well! What do you want?

JOHNSON. I want you to come out here! There's something I want to know! (FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *turn as if to go off at left door.* JOHNSON *sees them start*) You wait here! (*goes down toward them quickly—thus crossing* BILLINGS *to* L.) I'll have this settled! (*Enter* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *up* R. *with some alarm.* JOHNSON *turns and goes toward them—roughly*) What I want to know is this——

BILLINGS. (*sliding easily off chest or table and heading off* JOHNSON *as he starts from* L. C. *towards ladies up* R. C.) Hold on, Johnson. Now wait—now wait—now wait—(JOHNSON *stops*) I think it's just as well after what's occurred for you to discontinue addressing remarks to these ladies. (*after looking at* JOHNSON *an instant in solence, he turns toward* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS.) This man Johnson claims to be ignorant of the fact that he attempted to kiss my wife in this room yesterday afternoon. Will you kindly state, to the best of your knowledge and belief whether he did or did not.

MRS. BATTERSON. He *certainly* did!
MRS. BILLINGS. Well I should think so!

(JOHNSON *goes back of chair* R. *of table for support.*)

BILLINGS. (*after pause for effect*) Might be just as well, Johnson, for you to be a little more careful in the future. (*a look at him*) You're not the only man on earth. (*Pause*) No, not the only one! There's a few of us left yet. (*after a slight withering and stony stare at* JOHNSON *turns to* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS) Come, my dear!

(*Takes* MRS. BATTERSON *by the arm and leads her off through door up* R. *followed by* MRS. BILLINGS, *who sweeps out haughtily with a withering look at* JOHNSON. *Pause: Johnson stands stupefied gazing at door where* BILLINGS *and the ladies made their exit.* FADDISH *party remain a moment looking at the said door, and after that at* JOHNSON. *Soon* JOHNSON *starts and comes to himself. Then pinches himself to see if he is awake or dreaming—then turns and glares at* FADDISH *party.* FADDISH *immediately begins brushing hard at shoe in his hand.* JOHNSON *seems to form a sudden resolution—walks rapidly up* C. *and pours out a glass of brandy with trembling eager hand*) (FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *start again as if to exit at left door.*)

JOHNSON. (*just raising glass to drink—or just in act of drinking. Stops*) Wait! (FADDISHES *stop*) (JOHNSON *finishes drink, walks about a little in silence, then comes down to* FADDISH *party*)
JOHNSON. Was I full yesterday?
FADDISH. I really don't know, sir.

JOHNSON. Well, what do you know? (*to* FADDISH) See here! If ever you see me try to kiss that old woman again, run a fork into me! Anything! (*strides across to* R. *and up stage—a pause—then goes down to them, indicating in a rough way—by glances at door up* R. U. *that he is going to speak confidentially*) Here! I want to ask you something! (*motioning to chairs*) Seddown!

FADDISH. (*quite encouraged—smiling and simpering*) Yes—thank you. (*motioning* LEONORA *to seat*) (*To* LEONORA) Ha, ha! He asks us to sit down!

(FADDISH *takes chair* R. *of table and goes* C. *with it.* LEONORA *does the same with chair* L. *of table.* MACKINTOSH *brings stool from corner* L. 1 E. *They all sit in line* C. JOHNSON *has got chair from near head of lounge. Suddenly turns on chair and sees* FADDISHES *seated by him.* LEONORA *sits in the middle,* FADDISH *next to* JOHNSON)

JOHNSON. Now. Of course you can tell me about these Faddishes!

FADDISH About—about—— (*stop dumbfounded*)

JOHNSON. (*roughly*) You belong to the family, don't you?

FADDISH. But, sir—I—you——

JOHNSON. Now what you want to do is to give it to me straight! I'll make it worth your while! (FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *simply look astonished*)

FADDISH. I—ha—ha— (*simper*) *er*— What did you want to know about us?

JOHNSON. (*looking around to see he is not overheard*) Is the family all right? That's what I want to know!

FADDISH. All right!

LEONORA. Well, I declare!

JOHNSON. There's something queer! Curse me if I can make it out.

FADDISH. Queer, sir?

JOHNSON. Yes, queer! Any fool can see that! If the family's alright I marry the girl! If it ain't——

FADDISH. (*grasping his hand and shaking it*) Oh my dear sir— (FADDISH *continues, shaking* JOHNSON'S *hand vigorously during speech and showing his delight.* JOHNSON *looks at him thoroughly bored*) I'm so greatly relieved to hear you allude to the—er—marriage. I began to think there might be some mistake——

JOHNSON. (*pulling away*) That's enough!

FADDISH. As the family—since you ask me, I feel at liberty to assure you that it is one of the first in the whole Province of Quebec—one of the first, sir.

JOHNSON. It is, eh?

FADDISH. Oh, there can't be any doubt about it, sir!

JOHNSON. Ugh! What about the girl, eh?

FADDISH. What about—what about——

LEONORA. Well, upon my word.

JOHNSON. What's the matter with ye. Crazy loons!!

FADDISH. Of course I—well if you— (*taking* JOHNSON *down stage*) My dear sir, it gives me great pleasure to assure you that she is a perfect treasure, sir! A perfect treasure!

JOHNSON. Oh, you think so, do you?

FADDISH. I'm sure of it. And certainly I ought to know if anyone!

JOHNSON. You know her pretty well, do you?

FADDISH. Know her—well, I *hope* so.

JOHNSON. D—d. I don't care what you *hope! Do* you?

FADDISH. E—yes, sir. I do!

JOHNSON. Well, what's the use of all this beating about the bush— (JOHNSON *pushes* FADDISH *on one side and goes up*) You can say what you think I suppose. I'm going to pay you for it. (*coming down near* LEONORA) Now about Faddish himself —isn't he a little off, eh! (*sits next to* LEONORA *and addresses her*) There's something devilish strange about him!!

(LEONORA *rises and moves away from* JOHNSON *to* L. MACKINTOSH *comes next to* JOHNSON, *who has also risen*)

JOHNSON. How is it. (LEONORA *rises and trips away*) Oh, you needn't be afraid, I ain't going to let that stand in the way—I can get rid of him easy enough. (*turns sharply round to* FADDISH, *who stands* R.) Come, speak up. What about Faddish, eh?

(FADDISH *gives a somewhat helpless glance toward* LEONORA, *looks at* JOHNSON. *Makes an attempt to speak. Finally gets out a few words*)

FADDISH. If you—if you insist, sir, I——

JOHNSON. (*suspicions aroused by* FADDISH'S *hesitation*) What's the matter with ye? Is there something wrong?

FADDISH. (*hastily*) Oh no! no indeed, sir!

JOHNSON. Sure he's all straight, are ye?

FADDISH. Oh yes—perfectly so, sir! Believe me!

JOHNSON. Very well then! I'll marry the girl.

FADDISH. (*embracing* JOHNSON) Oh, my dear sir, I——

JOHNSON. (*throwing him off*) What's the matter with ye. Clear out! All of ye! (*motioning them all toward door left*) I've got to square it with him —we've been having a kind of a row. (*taking chair*

to head of sofa. Starts up toward door up R. C. *Stops and turns*) Don't you hear me! Get out of this! Go to work!

FADDISH. (*doubtfully*) How—how very strange it all is. Come, my child. (FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *go toward door left*)

LEONORA. Oh—I can't marry that awful creature!

MACKINTOSH. You shan't marry her!

LEONORA. (*bus.*) Oh, Harry!

JOHNSON. Here! (JOHNSON *suddenly looks round,* FADDISH, LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *exit* L. 1 E. *with start, and all bumping up against each other. After exit of* FADDISHES, JOHNSON *looks after them a moment! Then he looks toward door up* R. C. *Then turns and takes another drink, pouring out brandy feverishly. Then he goes to door up* R. C. *about to knock loudly, suddenly pauses, and decides to knock very softly, which he does three times, waiting for answer each time, and each time knocking a little louder than before.* BILLINGS *opens door of room up* R. C. *and stands motionless, calmly waiting for* JOHNSON *to speak.* JOHNSON *doesn't seem to know how to begin*) Come out here a minute, can't ye?

(JOHNSON *goes down* L. C. *as if wishing* BILLINGS *to follow.* BILLINGS—*after short pause, enters, closes door and goes down to* R. *of* JOHNSON. *There is an air of nonchalant coldness about him.* JOHNSON *stares and they stand regarding one another*)

JOHNSON. (*huskily. Blurts it out stammeringly*) Say! I'd just as soon apologize for—— (BILLINGS *stops* JOHNSON *with gesture and shake of head*)

BILLINGS. If you—wish to do us a favor, Mr. Johnson, be so kind as to furnish us a conveyance to the wharf. If this is asking too much, we can walk.

JOHNSON. You mean the thing is off?

BILLINGS. (*stony look at* JOHNSON *before answering*) That was the impression I intended to convey!

JOHNSON. (*suddenly forces shaking fist at* BILLINGS) No, sir! She don't leave this place! (BILLINGS *looks at him*)

BILLINGS. Think so, eh?

JOHNSON. You try it and see what I think! It's all arranged and agreed, and I'm goin' ter hold ye to it! You may go away from here—but she don't—can make up your mind to that! See here now! I apologize!

BILLINGS. (*turning away to* R. *and walking* R. C. *as if angry*) Oh—apologize! (*stands* R. C.—*cigar in right hand*)

JOHNSON. If you and your old woman want to go you can—but she don't! (*a new idea*) Here! That steamer ain't sailing for three quarters of an hour!—I've got a team o' bays 'll get you there in fifteen minutes—gives us half an hour for the marriage—that's all the time we want—and then you can go! Now what do you say?

(BILLINGS *turns, looks at* JOHNSON *an instant.*)

BILLINGS. Fast team you say?

JOHNSON. Beats anything this end o' the island!

BILLINGS. Get us there in fifteen minutes?

JOHNSON. Easy!

BILLINGS. (*grasping* JOHNSON'S *hand*) It goes!

JOHNSON. Good! We won't waste a minute! Notary—he's here now—waiting. (JOHNSON *hurries to door at left—shouts off at door* L. 1 E.) Send in that notary will ye? Here! Looton! Come in here! Blodgett—you git us a table!

(JOHNSON *from now on to end of piece must be played very rapidly*)

(*Enter* FADDISH *at* L.)

FADDISH. My name sir, is not——

JOHNSON. No matter what it is—you bring us a table, do ye hear? (FADDISH *goes for table on stage* L.) This is for the marriage.

(*Enter* MR. S. LOOTON, *a Notary and Justice, at* L. 1 E. *He brings papers, etc., for signing of contract*)

JOHNSON. Here, Looton! (*meeting him*) We've got to do the thing up lively, so he can ketch the steamer out this morning.

LOOTON. (*hoarse croak*) Yes! Yes!

(FADDISH *brings table centre. Arrange to have no wait for table—everything hurried.* BILLINGS *stands coolly regarding the preparations.*)

JOHNSON. (*hurrying over to* FADDISH *so that he nearly joins his speeches*) Now take that bell you see over there, and go outside and ring it! (*pointing to large dinner bell on dresser up* C. LOOTON *puts contract on table*) Ring it! *You understand!!* (*loud yell*)

(FADDISH *gets bell and exits at window ringing it*)

LOOTON. Where your man leave my "bolsa"?

JOHNSON. How do I know? You go and ask him. Here. Where did you put that contract?

LOOTON. (*pointing*) Contract there on table. (LOOTON *exits* L. 1 E.)

BILLINGS. What's that bell for?

JOHNSON. (*coming down to him* R. C.) That's to call in the hands.

BILLINGS. Was it a mis-deal?

JOHNSON. (*expostulating at the joke*) Here I say! Come now! That's to call the niggers in.

BILLINGS. Do you mean to say you're going to have the niggers in here?

JOHNSON. Certainly! They can sing and I'm going to have some music. Now look here, I'll go and see to that team. Don't you worry—we'll get you there! (*pointing to contract on table*) Just cast your eye over that contract—if it ain't right, by Cain, we'll make it right! (*shaking* BILLINGS *by the hand*) That's the kind of a man I am! (*and hurried exit at window*)

BILLINGS. (*after* JOHNSON'S *exit coming down to table* C.) Oh well, if he gets me a lively team, that's all I want! (*takes up contract and reads*) "Marriage settlement—Joseph Hadbury Johnson and Leonora Aliza Faddish." (BILLINGS *sits on table*) This must be the marriage contract.

(MRS. BILLINGS *comes on from door up* R. *crosses. Looks anxiously to see that* BILLINGS *is alone, then comes down to* R. *of him of table.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Augustus! Ah! I'm so glad to have a chance to speak to you alone, dear. It seems as if there's always something in the way—and there are so many . . . and such trouble . . . Ah, I don't know——(*anxiously looking about*)

BILLINGS. I'm almost afraid you're not enjoying this trip.

MRS. BILLINGS. Enjoying it! Mercy! I should say not! What that man going on the way he does—and the duels—and your trouble with him—and Oh, I'm so glad you've sold out and we can go home. Mama says she thinks there's something peculiar about it, but I don't care if I can only get you away where he can't do you any harm!

BILLINGS. Say! You needn't worry about me. I'm all right!

MRS. BILLINGS. But I can't help it, dear. Why, the man's simply a savage beast. How do I know what he might do to you! (BILLINGS *puts down cigar and looks at* MRS. BILLINGS *an instant then takes her hand*)

BILLINGS. Say! That was a pretty solid thing you did yesterday! By Jove!

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, what do you mean?

BILLINGS. When you jumped in between Johnson and me,—that time he was pulling a gun on me.

MRS. BILLINGS. But, Augustus, the man was going to shoot him! (*Plaintive* MUSIC *begins*)

BILLINGS. That's what I mean! (BILLINGS *looks down at her hand*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, that was nothing, he wouldn't have dared to shoot *me.* (*pause*) But if I knew he would, don't you suppose I'd do it just the same. (*pause*) You know I would!!

BILLINGS. That's right. (*kisses her hand*)

MRS. BILLINGS. Why, what are you kissing my hand for, dear?

BILLINGS. (*after a moment's pause and looking at her*) Ah well! Guess we'd better leave it that way just now.

MRS. BILLINGS. How strange you do act lately! Sometimes I'm almost afraid you don't care for me any more. You *do,* don't you, dear?

BILLINGS. (*after a pause*) Well, what do you think?

(LOOTON *enters hurriedly. MUSIC stops.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*seeing him*) What is that man here for?

BILLINGS. Little matter of business that's all!

(*Enter* MRS. BATTERSON *from door up* R. C. *bringing on shawl.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*coming down*) Mrs. Billings! I want you to put this in your trunk. There isn't room in—— (*stops on seeing* LOOTON)

LOOTON. (L. C.) Ah! parties to contract? Parties, eh?

MRS. BATTERSON. Contract!

LOOTON. Oh, yes— (*sitting* L. *of table and taking up contract*) You sign contract now!

MRS. BATTERSON. What contract are we going to sign, pray?

BILLINGS. What do you suppose? Sold the place, got to sign the deed, you know.

MRS. BATTERSON. Oh, that's it! (*going up*) Come, dear, help me put this in your trunk.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*at door up* R. C. *to* BILLINGS, *who has followed them up*) Tell us when it's time to go, Augustus!

BILLINGS. I'll look out for that!

MRS. BILLINGS. And do be careful when you're with that man!

(BILLINGS *closes door. Enter* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *from* L. 1 E.)

LEONORA. (*seeing* BILLINGS) There he is!

MACKINTOSH. I'd like to speak to you a moment, Mr. Billings.

BILLINGS. (*coming down to them* L.) That's all right!

LEONORA. I've got to be married to that dreadful creature—and I'd rather die!

MACKINTOSH. What I want to know is—whether you can help us or not—that's all!

BILLINGS. Like to, of course, but I've got about all I can carry just now.

MACKINTOSH. Then I'll send him the challenge!

LEONORA. No! No!

MACKINTOSH. It's the only thing left to do!

BILLINGS. Not at all! You just keep quiet! Let the thing go on—don't say a word—dare say I'll hit on something!

LEONORA. Will you! Oh, you're so good!

MACKINTOSH. Do you think there's any way out of it?

BILLINGS. There's a way out of everything—all you've got to do is to strike it!

MACKINTOSH. We owe you a debt of gratitude, sir. (*shaking* BILLINGS' *hand*)

BILLINGS. That's all right! (*send them off* L. 1 E.)

(*At their exit* JOHNSON *pushes* FADDISH *across window ringing bell—then comes quickly down to* BILLINGS.)

JOHNSON. Team's out there now—ready for you.

BILLINGS. Out there? Out by the door? That lively one you spoke of?

JOHNSON. Yes!

BILLINGS. Say! Can't your man take our trunks out by the window? The team is right there!

JOHNSON. (*starting toward* L. 1 E.) Yes! I'll speak to one of the men about it. I'll see Fred. (*as he goes off*) Here you! Fred! Come here, etc., etc. (*exit* L. 1. E. *As* JOHNSON *goes off negroes appear across window*)

BILLINGS. (*seeing negroes*) Here, come here! (*they come down to him*) Did you hear that bell?

NEGROES. Yes, sah—yes, sah!

BILLINGS. Well, there's a cyclone coming.

NEGROES. Cyclone, sah!!

BILLINGS. Yes, Mr. Johnson says so. He's out there working on it now. (*negroes all look paralyzed*) Now look here. When you hear that bell, run away, drive all the horses out of the barn as quick as you can and don't stop for anything.

NEGROES. (*rush off at window*) Yes, sah, yes, sah! (*as negroes go off* JOHNSON *re-enters hurriedly from* L. 1 E.)

JOHNSON. (*to* LOOTON) Is the papers all fixed?

(JOHNSON *picks up contracts and looks at them;* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *enter from their room.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*as she enters*) What did that bell mean?

MRS. BILLINGS. Yes.

(BILLINGS *seeing ladies goes toward them.*)

JOHNSON. (*to ladies and speaking very quickly all through following scene*) That's to call in the niggers, ma'am—they can sing and I'm going to have music!

MRS. BATTERSON. Music?

JOHNSON. Yes, ma'am. Sit down. (*to ladies. Going over to* L. 1. E.) Here, you, come in here! Stir around and fetch us up some chairs. (JOHNSON *gets chair from under bookshelf.* LEONORA *enters first, then* MACKINTOSH, *bringing on chair.* FADDISH *enters from window with bell, which he places on dresser up* C.) Where's them niggers?

(BILLINGS *gets chair for* MRS. BILLINGS *from behind lounge.* MRS. BATTERSON *sits on lounge*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Why does the man want music performed during a real-estate transaction?

BILLINGS. Way they do in Cuba.

FADDISH. Ah, hern, yes—I suppose we shall sit on this side.

(FADDISH *sits* L. *above* LEONORA *on chair which* MACKINTOSH *has put.* LEONORA *sits next to* FADDISH. JOHNSON *has seated himself before this at table* C. *facing the audience.* MRS. BATTERSON *on lounge.* MRS. BILLINGS *on chair near lounge.* BILLINGS *stands near* MRS. BILLINGS.)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*indicating* FADDISH *party on* L.) Why do those people remain in the room?

BILLINGS. Have to have a witness to a deed, don't we?

JOHNSON. (*to* LOOTON) Go on with it! Go on!

LOOTON. Hem? (*clears throat—and reads*) By these presents I hereby certify and declare, that there are come before me this day, one Joseph Hadbury Johnson of Santiago de Cuba—and——

BILLINGS. Say! We know the parties. Don't waste time on that.

JOHNSON. Yes! Ha! Ha! We know the parties! Read what they get, Looton!

LOOTON. (*reading*) And the said Johnson on his part, gives and makes over in fee simple unconditionally, the sum of "Benticincho mil pessoo"—twenty-five thousand dollars in gold.

FADDISH. (*springing to his feet and coming down and seizing* JOHNSON'S *hand*) Oh, my friend, how generous of you—how——

JOHNSON. (*throwing him off*) Here, that'll do! Do you see that bell over there! Well, go outside and ring it, do you hear?

(JOHNSON *pushes him up stage to bell.* FADDISH *goes off at window ringing bell.*)

BILLINGS. There goes my cyclone!

JOHNSON. (*at table again turning to* MRS. BATTERSON *standing at table*) Twenty-five thousand dollars!! in gold——

MRS. BATTERSON. I wish to know, sir, if you consider that a fair price?

JOHNSON. Fair price! Fair pr——(*to* BILLINGS) She must be——

BILLINGS. (*breaking in on him*) Yes, that's just what she is, old man, but don't stop for it now or we'll never get through. (*hustles* JOHNSON *down to table again*)

JOHNSON. (*to* LOOTON) Go on!

LOOTON. (*reading*) "In addition to the above the said Johnson agrees as a mark of his respect and veneration, to give Mr. and Mrs. Faddish, the parents of his bride, a yearly allowance of fifty bags of 'caracaleo' coffee as long as they may live."

MRS. BATTERSON. What on earth has that Faddish coffee got to do with——

BILLINGS. (*breaking in*) Doesn't do you any harm, does it?

JOHNSON. What do you think of that last clause, eh?

(FADDISH *re-enters from window, puts bell down on dresser, and comes down to* MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA, *during following speeches* BILLINGS *comes over to them, they group around him talking.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. I'm sure it's nothing to me!

JOHNSON. Nothing to—nothing to—— (*aghast*)

MRS. BATTERSON. What do I care what I do with your coffee?

JOHNSON. (*astonished and indignant*) You—you—fifty bags of—fifty b— (*loud voice*) Do you want the earth?

MRS. BATTERSON. No! And I don't want anything about annual allowances of coffee stuck in our contract, either. I simply want the money due—that's all!

JOHNSON. Oh! That's all, is it?

MRS. BATTERSON. That's all, sir! And the sooner it's done the better.

JOHNSON. (*violently*) I think so too— (*hurriedly to* LOOTON) Cross out that coffee!! (*after crossing out coffee—seizes contract from table and shakes it at* MRS. BATTERSON. *Rising in chair*) There it is!!! Just money, that's all!!!

BILLINGS. Say! what's all this, Johnson? (BILLINGS *has been standing talking to* FADDISH *party*) Here's this man Blodgett talking about some scheme on hand for you to marry his daughter!

(MRS. BATTERSON, MRS. BILLINGS, JOHNSON, *bus. of looking in surprise, etc.*)

JOHNSON. About what? What's that?

BILLINGS. (*turning to* FADDISH) That's what you say, isn't it?

FADDISH. Dear me, but my name isn't——

BILLINGS. (*quickly*) No matter what your name is—that's what you say.

FADDISH. (*going down to* JOHNSON *at table*) Why, dear me, yes. Wasn't it understood, sir, that—e—that you——

JOHNSON. (*scarcely able to speak coherently*) Marry her!

FADDISH. Why, dear me, sir—I thought it was all——

JOHNSON. (*throws* FADDISH *off*) It's a cursed lie! It's—it's—— (*sends* FADDISH *away from him.* FADDISH *goes up* C.)

BILLINGS. And here's this young man says he's in love with the girl himself. (*looks at* MACKINTOSH) Am I correct in this?

MACKINTOSH. Yes, sir, you are!

LEONORA. Oh, yes! He is!

JOHNSON. He! That—in love with her. (MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA *nod emphatically*) Well, take her and clear out. That's all I ask. (FADDISH *stands aghast*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Well, I declare.

JOHNSON. Get her out of here. (*to* FADDISH, *who goes down to him to expostulate. Throwing* FADDISH *off*) And you along with her—I've had enough of the whole Blodgett crowd. (*turns to papers, etc., angrily*)

BILLINGS. (*quick aside to* MACKINTOSH *and* LEONORA *at window*) That's all right. All you've got to do is to light out.

LEONORA. (*quickly*) Yes, yes.

MACKINTOSH. (*quickly*) Where shall we go?

BILLINGS. Go—why just—here—there's a team o' bays at that door. It's the only one left on the place. Jump on the cart, sit on a trunk and wait for me.

(*Pushes* LEONORA *and* MACKINTOSH *through window. Turns toward others carelessly. Saunters over to* MRS. BATTERSON.)

FADDISH. (*going down again to* JOHNSON) My dear sir! There must be some——

JOHNSON. (*pushing him along*) Clear out.

FADDISH. But—wait! Stop them. (*hurries toward window up* L. *and calls off. Going out at window up* L.) I'll call them back! There's some mistake—don't let them go. (*exit* FADDISH *at window up* L.)

JOHNSON. Come. Where's those papers? Here! (*takes pen and writes with a flourish*) There's mine. (*coming* L. *of table down a little*)

BILLINGS. (*picking up contract and glancing at it*) Of course—that's yours, isn't it?

(*Enter* FREDERICK *hurriedly at* L. 1 E.)

FREDERICK. 'Ere's a packet for you just came in by the steamer, sir. (*gives package to* JOHNSON *and exits again* L. 1 E.)

JOHNSON. Ugh! (*takes package at once and begins to tear it open. Turning impatiently toward the ladies as he tears open the package*) If she's going to sign the thing, why don't she do it?

BILLINGS. Don't get excited, old man, plenty of time. (*brings* MRS. BILLINGS *down to table*) Here you are.

(*Bus. of jamming pen into* MRS. BILLINGS' *hand.* MRS. BILLINGS *astonished at all this,* MRS. BATTERSON *also.*)

MRS. BATTERSON. (*rising*) Is she going to sign that thing?

BILLINGS. (*to* MRS. BATTERSON) Of course, wife always signs—in Cuba.

(*Pizzicato MUSIC begins.* BILLINGS *getting ready for the move up stage.*)

JOHNSON. (*suddenly, in low, ominous tone*) What's all this?

(BILLINGS *looks calmly at* JOHNSON. *Ladies start and also look at* JOHNSON. *Slight pause.* JOHNSON *fiercely clutching and clawing over letters. Others watching.*)

JOHNSON. (*breaking out again*) Ha! Who's this returns my letters?

(LOOTON *gets quickly from chair* L. *of table to chair back of table.* BILLINGS *gives a quick side look over* JOHNSON'S *shoulder, then with adroit movement almost on* JOHNSON'S *speech, whisks* MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON, *who are both standing at the time, up stage away from* JOHNSON'S *vicinity. Make this and the look at letters almost one movement—yet not hurried.*)

BILLINGS. Don't stand too near. (*as he swings* MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON *up*)

MRS. BILLINGS. What's the matter?

BILLINGS. Been drinking, that's all.

JOHNSON. (*coming to table, sits* L. *of table. Reading a letter*) Clairette! Clairette!—returns my letters, does she?

BILLINGS. My letters to Clairette! Signed, "Johnson." (*to ladies*) Better get your things—we want to go in a minute.

(*Bringing* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *quickly to door of their room up* R. *Gets* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *off at door* R., *quietly closes and locks it—and turns toward* JOHNSON, *putting key in his pocket.*)

JOHNSON. (*bringing his fist down on table on word "kill"*) I'll *kill* the hound who played this game on me! (LOOTON *jumps up on the word "kill"—gathers up his papers quickly and goes off at door* R. 1 E. *in terror*) Some woman returns my letters, does she? (*reads*) "I send you the other piece of your photograph—my husband has the rest." (*flusters through letters*) Other piece! Where's that other piece. (*photograph drops to floor from letters.* JOHNSON *seizes it. After a glance at the piece of photograph*) Here! This is the rest of that other one. (*rising and feeling in his pockets.* BILLINGS *has walked quietly to*

window up left and off—partly out of sight, but as if lingering near. JOHNSON *pulls out the portion of photograph used by* DATHIS *during* ACTS 1 *and* 2 *and with shaking hands holds the two pieces together*)

JOHNSON. (*a hoarse, savage yell*) Ha! (*he turns suddenly and strides up to door up* R. *at once pounding violently upon it*) Here! You!!

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*outside up* R. *Calling in high voices together*) What is it? What do you want? (JOHNSON *tries to open door*)

JOHNSON. (*pounding again*) Open this door.

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*outside up* R., *after quickly trying to open the door*) We can't —it's locked.

JOHNSON. If you don't open it, I will. (JOHNSON *breaks in door and rushes into room, ladies rush out screaming*)

MRS. BATTERSON. Who do you want?

JOHNSON. (*appearing in doorway*) Faddish! an' I'll git 'im too.

MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS. (*outside up* R.) He isn't here.

JOHNSON. Try to fool me, will ye?

MRS. BATTERSON. Mercy! Is the man crazy?

JOHNSON. Where is he? Where is he, I say?

MRS. BATTERSON. (*all very rapid along here*) We don't know.

MRS. BILLINGS. (*shaking head*) No! No!

JOHNSON. I'll find him— wherever he is—leave me alone for that. (*starting toward door left*) Here! Fred! (*Exit at door left*) Where did Faddish go?

(*A crash outside at* JOHNSON'S *exit as though he had kicked over something.*)

(*Ladies watch* JOHNSON *off in same consternation. Enter* BILLINGS *at window up* L., *sauntering on leisurely. Ladies turn quickly, seeing* BILLINGS.)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*meet* BILLINGS L. C.) Mercy! Did you see that man!

BILLINGS. Yes—saw 'im.

MRS. BATTERSON. Why, the creature's a maniac.

BILLINGS. Nothing to wait for, is there? Better get your things!

MRS. BILLINGS. O yes—here— (*going toward door up* R.) I'll get my——

MRS. BATTERSON. (*almost with* MRS. BILLINGS) Yes, right on the table—— (*also goes hurriedly up to door up* R.) I'm sure I'll be glad to leave this place.

(BILLINGS *strolls quietly over* L., *looks around to make sure that no one is about—then walks down to table, sees letters, etc., which* JOHNSON *has left there—picks up letters from table, puts them in his pockets. Then sees pieces of photograph, takes up two halves, looks at them a moment, then puts them together—a crash heard off* L. BILLINGS *quickly puts photo in pocket and goes up stage.* MRS. BATTERSON *and* MRS. BILLINGS *re-enter at door up* R. *almost immediately for bus., is very short—with satchels, parasols, etc. They hurriedly hand them to* BILLINGS, *who takes them as if merely starting out for pleasure drive.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. There— (*bus. of handing* BILLINGS) We're all ready.

BILLINGS. Where's your other glove?

MRS. BILLINGS. Oh dear. (*looks about—picks it up*) Here it is— Let him carry that, mama!

MRS. BATTERSON. (*hurriedly*) Yes, let him take them all—come, hurry, dear. (*going towards window*) This way! Come! Come before he gets back!

BILLINGS. Team's out here. (*indicating door down* R.)

MRS. BILLINGS *and* MRS. BATTERSON. (*hurrying to door down* R. 1 E. *and passing* BILLINGS) Yes, yes! Come dear. Yes, mama!

MRS. BATTERSON. Yes, come dear, Hurry, quick.

(*Both ladies running quickly over to* R. 1. E. MRS. BATTERSON *exits.*)

MRS. BILLINGS. (*at door*) What time does the boat leave?

BILLINGS. Ten!

MRS. BILLINGS. Dear me—why, it's nearly that now! Do hurry! (*exit* MRS. BILLINGS *door* R. 1 E.)

BILLINGS. (*glancing at his watch with some slight difficulty—owing to package he is carrying*) Oh, I guess we'll make it all right.

(BILLINGS *exits* R. 1 E. *MUSIC seques from pizzicato to—"Hurry." Noise of carriage starting, whip cracking. Enter* DATHIS *from window, strides across to* R.)

DATHIS. (*looking round*) I shall see heem before I leave zthis place. (*starts toward door* R. 1 E.)

(*Enter* FADDISH *half crazy at door* R. 1 E., *meeting* DATHIS.)

FADDISH. (*breathless—almost wringing his hands*) Somebody stop them! Somebody stop them! They're all in the carriage—I—oh——

DATHIS. Who is eet?

FADDISH. Come!— We can hold the horses! (*goes to door* R. 1 E.) We must not let them go. (*as he exits*) We came here for the marriage! (*exit door* R. 1 E.)

(*Enter* JOHNSON *at window, boiling with wrath.*)

JOHNSON. (*entering at window, sees* DATHIS, *rushes down to table* C.) I've found the man that's played this game on us!!

DATHIS. (*coming to him at table*) Who is eet?

JOHNSON. Came here to marry his daughter to me.

DATHIS. *Faddish!* (FREDERICK *enters from door* L. 1 E.)

JOHNSON. Where's his damned picture——(*looking all over table for it*)

DATHIS. Never mind ze picture!! (*rushes off* R. 1 E.)

JOHNSON. (*turns, sees* FREDERICK) Here, you fool! (*putting hands around* FREDERICK'S *throat*) Where's Faddish? Tell me or I'll choke the life out of ye!

FREDERICK. He's gone, sir!

JOHNSON. (*releasing* FREDERICK) Gone!!

FREDERICK. Yes, sir! He's just drove off like mad with the team of bays—down the road, sir!

JOHNSON. Saddle my mare, quick!

FREDERICK. The mare's gone with the rest of 'em.

JOHNSON. Where to?

FREDERICK. They was all driven off on account of the cyclone!

JOHNSON. (*going to strike him in* L. *corner*) Cyclone! Are you crazy?

DATHIS. (*outside*) Here is ze man!

FREDERICK. He's got him, sir. (*pointing off to* R. 1 E.)

DATHIS. (*dragging* FADDISH *on from* R. 1 E.) I have heem here!!!

JOHNSON. (*rushes at* FADDISH, *who is in a heap on floor, sees his face just as he goes to strike him and stops*) That's not Faddish! That's Blodgett, you fool!!

DATHIS. Blodgett!!!

FADDISH. (*between them*) No! My name is not Blodgett! I'm Faddish!

DATHIS. Ah!

JOHNSON. Eh? Then who's that other?

FADDISH *and* DATHIS. He's Billings!

JOHNSON. Billings? Did I marry his daughter?

FADDISH. No! It was my daughter!

DATHIS. He has no daughter. Zat was 'ees wife.

JOHNSON. Wife! Wife!! (*to* FADDISH) You're Faddish!

FADDISH. Yes!

JOHNSON. Then your daughter was the one I——

FADDISH. Yes!

JOHNSON. Where is she?

FADDISH. Gone! Gone with Billings! (JOHNSON *bangs fist on table.* JOHNSON *kicks at* FREDERICK)

DATHIS. Was it ees picture you have—ze man who betray me?

JOHNSON. Yes!!

DATHIS. Billings?

JOHNSON *and* FADDISH. Billings!

DATHIS. There is but one thing left to do!!

JOHNSON *and* FADDISH. One thing to do!

ALL. Find Billings! (*all shaking fists in air, towards audience*)

CURTAIN

B 44 B
1,

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL

QL APR 15 1996
FEB 20 1996

QL OCT 06 2003

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 026 388 9

Univer
Sou
Li